

THE HAPPY WARRIOR

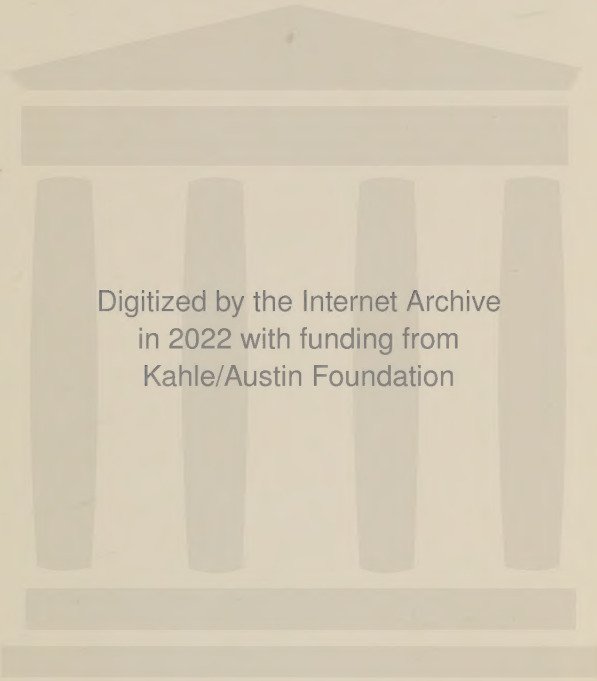
Life-Story of Commissioner Cadman



HUMPHREY WALLIS



Marie Laute



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THE THREE COMMISSIONERS (MCALONAN, PEARCE
AND CADMAN) HERE SHOWN WITH THE GENERAL,
ARE ALL NOW IN HEAVEN.

THE HAPPY WARRIOR

THE LIFE-STORY OF
COMMISSIONER ELIJAH CADMAN

BY
HUMPHREY WALLIS



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FOREWORD

It is only by reason of his regrettable illness that the General is unable to write this Foreword to the account which is here presented of one of the most remarkable and forceful characters ever associated with The Salvation Army. It was his full intention to have done so.

I know something of the pleasure he experienced in reading, at any rate a part of, the manuscript. I am not sure, indeed, that he did not actually prepare some notes upon which to base what he wished to say—about both the man and the book.

Publication, however, cannot any longer be deferred, and I can only hope that in a future edition he may be able himself to pay the tribute which was, I believe, in his mind and on his heart.

For myself, I knew Commissioner Cadman from the days of my youth to the end of his long life—during a considerable part of that time at more or less close quarters. I know that he died as he lived—a lover of our Lord,

a lover of souls, and a lover of The Salvation Army.

Amidst the fierce opposition in the early-day conflicts for our right to take our stand for God in the streets—in the crowded and all too often unsuitable Army Halls—among the men who thronged the Shelters, when he found himself face to face with those who were crying for bread—amid the Northern lands of snow and ice, and the torrid lands of sweltering heat—on land and on sea alike—Cadman showed himself a champion for the ‘Great Idea’ of our glorified Founder, whose follower and Soldier for so long he was.

To-day Cadman rests from his labours, but for many a day yet to come his works will follow him. As for this story, I have every confidence that it will find an honoured and permanent place upon the bookshelves of many a Salvationist’s home.

EDWARD J. HIGGINS,

DECEMBER, 1928.

Chief of the Staff.

CHAPTER I

CHIMNEY-SWEEP AT FIVE

HIS face and head resembled the bust of Socrates. He was a small old man, broad-chested, with a voice expressive, metallic, strident, still compelling, telling his life's tale, as when it rose in the streets of cities and towns forcing a hearing.

His birthplace was Coventry, Warwickshire, England, and the time, the year 1843, when there were fires of thought smouldering below the grey ashes of agricultural and industrial depression. Of the people he came, and of the people he remained to the end of his days.

At that date countrymen had little to sell but labour. Farm workers earned eight shillings a week or less; women's toil was worth sevenpence or eightpence daily, fathers' and husbands' agreements including usually their services for the employer; cottage rent was first deducted from earned wages; there was no legal compensation for accident or death. Many starved in the metropolis itself; workhouses were crowded; the ignorance and woe of thousands of children moved the benevolent to constant charity.

Genius was present in its natural percentage among the millions, but could not rise far above its environment. Everywhere in the masses were

men who divined power. 'There were giants in those days,' tailors, cobblers, labourers, bakers, cabbies, shopmen, clerks, carters and hawkers, orators all, who spoke to half-dozens in beershops and sleeping dens, fierce thinking, unlettered fellows, conscious of the inborn gift, and resentful that scope was denied them, and who arraigned things as they were at the bar of God. Mostly, they died where they had lived. Their words and work did not die but grew by their death.

Into this heaving, leavening stratum of lower England was born Elijah Cadman, last child of a workman, John Cadman, who knew nothing and would have cared nothing for his traced descent from Saxon Caedmon. John, sober, was a good worker; John, drunk with ale, was often in conflict with the local authorities. Worn out early by privation, toil, and excess, he died when the baby was fifteen months old.

His wife was left to rear a brood of little children. She was that English type that has always, in face of every discouragement, made a home and brought up her family to be brave, and clean, fear God and honour the king. There was scrubbing and discipline in plenty in the tiny house in a court opening on one of the main streets of Coventry, and a scarcity of bread. Each child knew unsatisfied hunger as part of daily life.

Mrs. Cadman was a skilled silk weaver. Elijah's elder sister, aged seven years, went regularly to the factory, working at silk winding. Before Elijah was five his baby fingers had been trained to turn a little winding wheel at the factory, too. All hands

were needed to bring grist to the mill. 'Wages were very low in those days,' said he, and has no reproach for any human cause of the lowness.

In the house lived the grandmother, helping all. Her chief claim to distinction was not her unselfishness and industrious love, but that she was a Methodist, one of the Church of England daughters who had found by John Wesley's preaching a new inner life that satisfied spiritual yearning and made material burdens light. Elijah was indebted to her for his name, and she was anxious he should have some education. Perhaps, she had a foreshadowing of his fate and was eager it should not find him unprepared, or it may have been simply that ordinary pathetic wish of the 'uncultivated,' that knowledge may be given their offspring. 'It's been hard for me; God grant it easier for you!' sighs the self-sacrifice that whispers down every age the history of the loving and poverty-bound.

Somehow, the grandmother arranged for her grandson to be relieved from the factory to attend an infant school kept by an old dame. He was sent thither with twopence, the price of a week's draught at the fount of learning. During several days he went, unwillingly. After the blessed interval of Sunday, unwelcome Monday arrived in its course, and with another two pennies he started for school. The toffee-shop, in the manner of toffee-shops, was on the way, and he reached that; then, minus money, plus toffee, the common. In the afternoon he was forcibly conducted to the dame, but during lessons, incited by older scholars, 'kicked her shins.' He was at once deposited in the

'Dark Hole,' the coal-cellar. Casting about in the cellar for occupation or amusement, the child saw the mouth of an unused chimney. He climbed through it—the house was small and low—and went home. His 'schooling' was ended.

That climb had 'settled his trade.' Not yet six years of age, he had a strong will and argumentative mind. He decided he would go to dame's no more, and would be a sweep. Other small chaps were sweeps, and thousands of Old England's chimneys needed small chaps to clean them. He had easily gone up the chimney. It was a popular trade and there was its wide-believed romance of a stolen little sweeper, scrambling down the wrong chimney in a mansion, creeping into and sleeping in a stately bed, and being recognized as the lost heir. Climbing boys were everywhere.

At this moment Elijah spied a passing sweep in the street. 'Hi! Master, do you want a boy?' The sweep looked down at the shouter, considered his diminutive person and replied, 'Yes.' 'Will you have me, master?' 'Oh,' said the man, 'I must see your mother about it.'

Home ran the excited child to Mrs. Cadman. 'I'm going to get some money and help you, mother!' he cried. The sweep arrived and the affair was concluded. There is no memory of the poor mother's faltering consent, of the wistful gaze which followed his departure, a tiny, brave creature. Her thought was afterwards voiced in the bitter reflection of all such mothers: 'He will get more to eat there than I can give him here!' Elijah's vivid recollection was of his elder sister, the little

silk-winder, leading him to the sweep's house, kissing him, and leaving him outside the front door.

He was to be given board and lodging. Next morning he began work. The sweep's son, a sturdy boy of ten years, was growing too big for chimneys. He stood beside Elijah to teach him—the chimney to be climbed was for practice and the sweep's own, and the house was three storeys high.

Half-a-yard of calico was made into a kind of mask or cover for Elijah's face and tucked in under his chin. Then he was ready and afraid. '*O-o-oh, I was afraid!*' Across the long procession of the man's years the memory of that moment when he was a terrified child strikes sharply and darkly. His terror was not of climb or chimney, but of meeting the 'great black bogey' some one had told him lived in the sooty interior.

The sweep's son interrupted the scene by seizing Elijah and pushing him up the passage. Up and down the child travelled with the boy 'to learn the way.' Next, a scraper was thrust into his hands, and he was shown how to clean the chimney's sides, and was sent up alone. In his fright he descended too quickly, 'skinning' his arms and legs, and 'grazing bits off his body.' His wounds were at once bathed in salt and water to heal and harden them. Elijah had wept secretly in the chimney. The pain of salt in sores forced him to cry openly, and he 'was ashamed of himself.'

'They were not cruel people,' he said, 'but there was no sympathy for poor children. The elders had all gone through it when young, and the quickest

way was to get you hardened. From then on I had to get along by myself.'

Old Coventry chimneys were given to crookedness. The top rooms of houses were frequently used for watch and ribbon factories, and the chimneys when built were bent to avoid the rooms, or to bring all the smoke-channels in groups. A nine-inch square chimney was a 'terrible tight fit' for even a young boy. The climbers climbed with one leg, the heel of one foot behind the other, and the shoulders raised and drawn together. One arm was held upwards, the other clasped across the chest. Sometimes a boy slipped or stuck fast; sometimes another boy had to be sent to clear away the soot suffocating the masked little sweep; sometimes a bricklayer could not be got in time to pull out bricks, and that was the end of that little sweep.

'Small boys for narrow flues' were advertised by master-sweeps, who did not always provide means for cleaning their boys, so many fell victims to a fatal disease called chimney-sweeps' cancer. A London chimney was on fire, and the boy sent up to extinguish it became wedged, and, having thrust behind him some of the burning soot, was between two fires. He was 'fortunately taken out alive.' In the absence of the child's mother, a father sold a boy of five years to a Marylebone sweep, and the master refused his infantile apprenticeship to the frantic woman. A baker sent up a sweep's boy who failed to answer the master's call. Another boy went downwards. The first boy was, meantime, found dead in the lower chimney. The second called, 'I'm jammed,' and died. In a Walthamstow

chimney a boy 'was nearly killed,' whereat his master abused him, and sent him, carrying a bag of soot, to sweep elsewhere. The child could 'scarcely stand,' had been up since three o'clock in the morning, and had already walked five miles. One boy on a 'deep, snowy, cold morning,' swept two chimneys, but 'could go no further, and in the course of an hour, died in a public-house.'

By this adventurous calling young Cadman managed to 'get along by himself,' and to emerge from all chimney-tops waving a triumphant, midget hand and giving the 'sweep's cry.' Every morning the sweep's boys rose at four o'clock. If there were no orders, the gaffer turned them into the street. Once Elijah had to walk, barefoot, fourteen miles into the country to a job. His clothing scarcely covered him, it was bitter weather, and he lost the use of his legs for three days as a result.

'But,' said he, 'my master was a very decent man, if sober. All sweeps, then, were drinking people. At every comfortable or kindly house the sweep and his boys were given beer.' Six-years-old Elijah was 'often drunk.'

Along his history he scanned events and consequences without complaint, condemnation, or judgment of others, but when he said, '*I was made drunk when I was six years old,*' an immense sorrow surged in his voice for that faraway child who was himself, forced to sin and for whose childishness there was neither pity nor mercy. His master first caused him to drink to amuse some friends. Two young doctors compelled him to smoke, laughing, persuading, ordering: 'Smoke! It is the right

thing to do. Be a man ! Smoke !' Violently sick with the pipe of tobacco, he was permitted to stagger out, and reeling, fell down a flight of stairs. He was thrashed without cause, but, when bigger, thrashed his employer in their quarrelsome bouts.

He went often to see his mother, never failing to take her a little money. An odd sixpence or two was the entire pay he had from his master during a number of years, but poor people used to express sympathy to him in pence. He saved to give an equal portion to his mother ; his own share was spent in penny-worths of pudding from a cheap eating-house.

He climbed chimneys until he was thirteen. The public conscience was then aroused to action by fatalities, and threat of the law 'stopped the sweep boys.' Elijah continued to climb. Few imagined that the newly-invented 'machines' could clean chimneys. Law-makers and magistrates themselves had their doubts, and thus the boy's master came within the law's grasp. A turn-key employed him and Elijah to sweep his house flues, told them he was against 'machinery,' and when the boy was in the chimney, informed the police. The master received three weeks' imprisonment. Elijah, to avoid further mishap, became, on the day of his employer's return from jail, 'a journeyman sweep, aged twenty-one years,' to any one who asked questions. Thenceforward, too, the pair carried with them the 'patent brushes'; but, safely shut in with the chimney, the new brushes remained below, while Elijah did the sweeping above with satisfaction to all concerned.

At this period his mother, Mary Cadman, 'died of her hard life.' The boy, with his brothers and sisters, stood at her resting-place. He related: 'I remember as if it were only yesterday looking into that parish grave, where other bodies were laid, and seeing all that remained of my darling mother, the dear, loving soul who had had an awful life of sadness, put in there with them, and my young heart almost broke. There were five of us youngsters left without a friend in the world. My mother was gone!'

No one had taken any religious interest in Elijah after his grandmother's earlier passing. He knew nothing of the ever-living spirit he possessed, and scarcely anything of this world. He had, however, soon discovered death. His first acquaintance with mankind's last enemy was when he perceived fish, still and dull, in a pond. He appealed to a passer-by, who answered, 'Oh, they are dead! We shall all be dead some day.' 'To be dead? Not able to get about? That's funny,' thought the child. He said, 'My little mind was dark; nobody gave me any light; I was a little heathen.'

Growing into a youth, he was often drinking and drunk, though careful never to lose a day's work through the habit. Rough and coarse he was, but not vicious or cruel. Pitiful to all helplessness and distress, he had special tenderness for children. He could not see a poor, ragged, or sorry child without saying, 'That's me!' and giving comfort. An interjected remembrance is that in his young manhood he noticed a waif putting one foot against the calf of the other leg to warm it: 'I'd done that

trick oft.' He took the boy home, fed and warmed him, and let him go. Within an hour there was a noise at the door. Elijah opened it, his protégé fell in, picked himself up, and called back over his ragged shoulder, 'Come on, it's in here!' Seven other waifs had come to be, and were, fed.

Cadman had become an excellent sweep, quick, ready, thorough, punctual, shrewd, thrifty. Once he began to earn he was never without money. There was strong, long life in his body, he brimmed with the vitality that had carried him safely through hardships; he was eager, adventurous, pugnacious, and a nuisance to the police. His only recreations were fighting, racing, bathing in river or stream, jumping, blowing up wasps' nests, bird-catching, and imitating bird-calls. Whistling he practised into an accomplishment.

On the threshold of manhood he stood, friendless but friendly, ignorant of simplest learning, with a child's, a savage's intuition of motives and aims in the persons about him; destitute of purpose or ideal, yet set to serve himself in what he thought gain and pleasure, while prompt to give the aiding hand to any needy creature within reach. A heedless, valiant, one-man power for good or for evil according to circumstances, he was a typical product of a State's austerity, a Church's aloofness, and the absorption of the learned and rich. 'Self-sacrifice' and 'others' were not widespread symbols in that age.

CHAPTER II

CONVERSION

IN 1860, aged seventeen, Elijah left Coventry for Rugby, twelve miles distant, taking service as assistant with a sweep he had formerly met. According to custom, he 'lived in' with the sweep's family. The new master was a good employer and moral man, liking his beer but rarely becoming intoxicated. With his wife he attended the Wesleyan Chapel, and in their home it would seem young Cadman had his first experience of quiet, humble comfort, and of religious observance.

The youth himself was not quiet, and religion did not attract him. He could not understand the forms of worship, and was not interested enough to inquire their meaning. He was essentially earthly in thought and word, the inner truth of existence hidden from him.

He quickly formed and became the leader of a band of youths whose evening pastimes caused annoyance to the population and work for the authorities. Elijah's recklessness was in inverse proportion to his size, and he earned a reputation for 'fighting like a devil and drinking like a fish.' Bonfires in the town were strictly prohibited, but one Guy Fawkes' night he set on fire a tar barrel, and stood a few moments holding it over his head

in the market place. Policemen and onlookers rushed towards him, but he flung the blazing barrel near them, each of his surrounding band tossed a piece of wood upon the flames, and Rugby town had a bonfire while Elijah plunged into the crowd and escaped. It was a sample of his troublesome exploits.

He learned boxing, blossomed into a capable fighter, and became intent on the commercial aspect of his talent. He and a friend acquired a boxing saloon attached to a public-house. Here they taught the 'noble art' in the intervals permitted by their respective trades, and gave exhibitions of their own and pupils' proficiency. The venture succeeded beyond expectation; Cadman was never given to failure. At nineteen he could be pronounced a limited success—in innate sagacity, careful drunkenness, and daring lawlessness. He resented all rules he did not make, but his awakening to reason, the world, his own life, the virtues, and order, was now due and began, naturally, in his sense of humanitarianism.

The Christmas holidays arrived, he had money to spend, and he planned to return to Coventry, see old acquaintances, and enjoy a 'drinking spree.' Just before setting forth, he and his boxing partner heard that two men were to be hanged at Warwick. 'One was a Birmingham man, and the other a Coventry chap, and they had done murder.' The condemned were the last men to be hanged publicly at Warwick. Elijah changed his plan and went to the execution. 'The excitement drew me and my pal. Sometimes the doomed men used to

make confessions and speeches to those that came to see them die, and that was a sensation.'

With his friend he stood among the great crowd of sightseers, heard the cries and ribaldry, felt the tremendous hush of awe when the prisoners came into view, and in the dreadful silence noted the clang of the bolt as it was drawn under the culprits who stood together awaiting their fate. Their death struggles were terribly visible; 'it was a short drop.'

In that deadly pause of voices amid the gloating, awed crowd, Cadman's friend said with clear decision, 'That's what you'll come to, 'Lijah, one day!'

Elijah became strangely disturbed, and his agitation was deep enough to send him immediately to Coventry instead of spending the remainder of the day in visiting Warwick's drink shops. He was followed by the vituperative arguments of his companions, for he was the moneyed man of the little party.

Holding to his own way, he could think only of the inhumanity of man to man as he had seen it displayed in the ferocious curiosity attendant on that double execution. Men rose early, tramped miles, spent money, put themselves to inconvenience for the pleasure of watching other men die! He himself had done likewise. No idea of the Hereafter into which the murderers were hurled entered his thoughts; he was wholly concerned with the insensitive cruelty manifested to those who, though wicked slayers of mortal life, were still human and fellow-men. Drink, he had learned,

had played a large part in putting those murderers on the gallows. He revolted sickeningly from his contemplation of the devilish liquor. Strong drink suddenly appeared abhorrent, a ghastly devourer of men's flesh and blood. And he was a 'drinker' and 'devil' himself, and had exulted in those names.

His visit to Coventry was dully disappointing. Each emotion seemed to return and centre about the memory of the scaffold scene, while the new-born antagonism to alcohol stung him into a fight with the evil he was determined he would conquer and crush in its cruelty.

In this mood he returned to Rugby and decided to hear the discourse of an advertised temperance lecturer, though he shared the conviction of the majority of the then inhabitants of the British Islands that teetotallers were crazy and doomed to premature extinction. His hopes of instruction were not high; his trifling experience of temperance advocates told him they talked too much and elegantly for popular comprehension.

Therefore, the lecturer was a surprise. He was an 'ordinary, decent workman.' His oratory was plain. 'A fellow like me could understand him.' Withal, he made out such a fair, straightforward, sensible plea that he carried the commonsense of his audience and impressed Cadman, who owned inwardly the lecturer's most lurid statements were facts he could match from his own observation.

'Have they made a teetotaller of you?' asked the employer when his assistant entered the house that evening. 'Yes,' replied Elijah, and looked at

the can of supper beer placed for him on the hob beside the fire. He left it there. Next evening it was set as usual. 'Take it off,' said the lad. 'Don't put it on again till I ask for it.' Elijah never asked for it again.

The master was not altogether pleased. People gave beer when they swept chimneys, and he saw himself losing his own drink, and, mayhap, offending customers because his companion refused the beverage. 'How can you give up drink like this when you've been drinking almost since you were born?' he inquired. 'It was no effort after I'd once made up my mind,' replied Cadman. He had not to endure the mental humiliation of thousands who, teetotally minded, find themselves still bodily and intemperately drinking.

Purely from pique he relinquished smoking. Angry one day that he could not obtain a match to light his pipe in the street, he vowed, 'I can't get a light when I want a smoke, so I won't smoke when I can get a light.' While he spoke he wrathfully broke his pipe. He smoked no more. 'It was as simple as that. It seemed to be my will that acted,' he explained, 'but I expect it was God preparing me for what was to come.'

No sooner was Elijah a teetotaller than he was agog to tell abroad the benefits he found in teetotalism, and make everybody abstainers. What good he possessed must be placed before other men. He knew the reception proclaimers of teetotal principles might expect to receive, but into the streets and surrounding villages marched the small, broad-shouldered youth, shouting in his great

voice and the urgent language of the natural missionary, his conviction that it was best to be sober. The publicans proved vexed and the populace amused, the latter interesting itself sufficiently to yell or throw mud or stones at the enthusiast.

Lutterworth village heard a tremendous clamour early one night. It was Cadman ringing a town-crier's bell before each inn. When a crowd had swarmed about him, he bawled: 'This is to give notice, 60,000 people are lost. Lost! Lost! Lost! Lost every year through the cursed drink! Mr. Cadman, the Sober Sweep from Rugby, will give an account of his own drinking experience! Come and hear him! Come and hear him!'

Of such episodes he remarked, 'I had a good turn at teetotalling. I made some teetotallers in Lutterworth and more at Dunchurch.' His notes, afterwards jotted down on odd bits of bills and paper, show that he had then no knowledge of any source of power to release the drunkard from thralldom other than man's own will. If this were feeble or intermittent, the sweep-apostle of total abstinence could give no further aid.

The year was now 1864 and Elijah, having been made partner in the business he had helped his master to make valuable, with his boxing saloon; was a thriving fellow. 'Soot causes sneezes, but the gold it brought in those days to careful sweeps was anything but a sneezing matter,' was his comment. He was, too, a street-orator sure to attract a concourse of interrupters. His life had what he considered a sufficiency of interests, and he thought himself happily busy and sometimes useful.

On a Sunday morning he was passing through the market place with his boxing friends when they saw a man standing on a chair talking to a small circle of listeners. 'It's a Ranter!' cried Elijah, and it was his idea when they joined the group to contest the speech and upset the speaker, but, hearkening, a spell fell upon him.

The 'Ranter' declared his topic was 'Death on the Pale Horse,' but it included truths on the penalty of sin, the miseries of Hell, and the joys of Heaven. Elijah had precipitated on his ears the facts that he would live after physical death and was a sinner in danger of Hell. His close companion presently looking at him to give the signal for the disturbance to begin, perceived that he was weeping. The redoubtable little leader of 'Rugby Roughs,' the fighting, boxing chum, the miniature Napoleon of warlike young sweeps, was staring at the mild countenance of the 'Ranter' with wide eyes and tears running down his cheeks. None had before seen Elijah show a sign of the softer emotions. Marvelling at his plight, he remembered he had cried twice, once at his first chimney-climb, and again at his mother's grave.

Often in his hard childhood and boyhood he had wished to die, to gain in death rest and freedom from work, cold, hunger, pain and blows. Now he felt the terrors of death shake his courage. He, Elijah the fearless, was afraid to die, knowing he must live after passing from his body, for a strange understanding glimmered within, assuring him the preacher's words were true. Something unseen said, 'If you die now, if you die as you are, you must go to Hell.'

Fixed by astonishment and trouble, he stood till the close of the address. His near friend stayed with him, first fearing for Elijah's wits, then finally affected himself in like, lesser degree. The 'Ranter' had noticed Cadman and his chum, and came to them, calling each 'brother,' and shaking hands. Elijah had not shaken hands in that fashion before; with him the grip had always preceded a fight.

Disconcerted, utterly perplexed, he threw the boxing gloves he carried to another companion and went home. There was no fighting that Sunday in Elijah's saloon.

The elder sweep saw his partner's depression and used the means he had often employed to prevent the young man engaging in mischief. The Methodist had a few books and of these, to interest Elijah, he selected the most bellicose. The battles described in the Old Testament, 'Claude Duval,' 'Black Rollo,' and portions of Bunyan's 'Holy War,' had been read to Elijah, who listened with easily-diverted attention and could not be persuaded to attend at all to the 'dry' sections or spiritual interpretations. But on this occasion he was glad to hear, and the master was confirmed in his unexpressed opinion that a great change was impending in Cadman's character.

During three long months the adventurer into the uncharted spiritual regions of his being suffered mental torture. His friend was in similar straits; together they wandered about despairingly. Once they crept into a pew near the door of the Wesleyan Chapel to see if more preaching would allay their

pains, but crept out again unrelieved. Their circle of youths believed the pair to be on the verge of insanity.

Said Elijah : ' I was in a sort of agony all those months, not knowing *what* was wrong, but sure I *was* wrong. It was no use trying to continue with my pals. Almost everything was given up ; still I was no better. My constant prayer was, ' Kill my body but save my soul,' for by this time I was certain I had a soul and that it must be saved.'

While he was in this condition a young girl, ' one of a nice Rugby Wesleyan family,' who had seen the young men shyly enter and leave the back pew of the Chapel, spoke to him, inquiring if he would like to be present at the class-meeting the following Monday night.

The friends accepted the suggestion and were welcomed by the class-leader.

' It was funny to me,' recollected Elijah. ' They all told of their soul-state, conflicts, and victories in the spiritual life, and then the leader asked me how I stood.'

Said Cadman, ' I'm lost. Your talk makes me more miserable. I am afraid of death and the fire. I'm going to Hell.'

' Oh, my dear brother ! ' exclaimed the leader, comprehending the spiritual destitution with which he was dealing, ' you are not going to die or go to Hell. Jesus Christ died that you might live and be saved,' following the statement by a simple exposition of Christ and His Salvation.

Elijah was entranced. His grandmother had read

the Bible, he had heard it read by his partner-sweep, but he had never considered it authentic history or that it dealt with realities. The Old Testament battles were exciting, but otherwise 'The Bible meant no more to me than the life and deeds of Dick Turpin.'

'Christ died for you,' repeated the class-leader.

'*Did He?*' cried the thrilled pupil. 'Then, here's a man as'll die for Him as died for me!'

Elijah viewed that evening's events through the soul-peace and experience of many years, commenting calmly: 'I should have been saved then. I *ought* to have been saved then, but nobody showed me *how* to be saved. The people hadn't then got the spiritual education my comrades now carry everywhere.'

Again the young Elijah went to his daily task, this time with another and better prayer. Over and over he said it, '*Christ died that I might live,*' yet could not decipher its meaning.

The weeks passed, 'I,' he said quaintly enough, 'being spoken to by the Holy Spirit and also by the Devil.' During these weeks he heard the Methodist minister preach upon those who 'lift the puny arm against God,' and the inward monitor told Elijah the boxing business was wrong. Cadman informed his saloon-partner, who did not instantly see the matter in that light, though he, too, was anxious to do right. Elijah had plenty of eloquent arguments forged in the glowing furnace of his own resolves, and soon the friend was convinced the saloon was a stumbling-block in the path of men desirous above everything to save their souls.

Elijah had continued to visit regularly the public-house adjoining the saloon, taking part in games and conversation but resisting all persuasion to drink intoxicants. The next Saturday the partners entered their saloon, and with a stick Elijah smashed the pictures of fighting champions adorning the walls. He had bought them with hardly-earned money and valued them highly. The little saloon had seemed big and prosperous to his young eyes and pride of ownership. Now he and his friend viewed it as an obstruction.

After smashing every breakable boxing article they owned, the saloon door was relocked, and the key taken to the publican-landlord, to whom Elijah explained, 'Here's the key and here's the double rent instead of notice. I'm going to fight for God, not the Devil!'

The landlord threw up his arms and cried to the company in the bar, 'Cadman's gone mad!'

Cadman went out, the ring rope twisted in a knot in his hand. He gave it to an old woman to use for a line on which to peg her washing.

Gladly would he have fulfilled his bold words and 'fought for God,' but how? There was no peace within his heart, despite his continual repetition of 'Christ died that I might live.' Gloomier grew his thoughts, drearier his searching for light that he might know himself saved with Christ's Salvation. During the following week his misery increased. One night he stayed up and awake, praying through the hours. When Sunday dawned he was in deeper distress, almost unbearable sorrow, and foreboding weighing upon his afflicted spirit.

The Happy Warrior

Invisible evil raged with fierce cruelty against his attempts to find God and His Christ. It was as if the 'mighty' grudged the losing of the 'prey' that had apparently been its lawful spoil. Born in obscure sadness and poverty, reared in white heathenism, what crime was there that strong-hearted, fiery-tempered Elijah might not have been led to commit? Of what unconscious recruiting for the 'prince of this world' was he not capable?

Like a blind gladiator he wrestled, unknowing that eternal light shone on and around him, and that the Conqueror who is Everlasting Love fought with him, and that Christ was aiding him and was the Strength whereby he made his fight.

He only knew he knelt at last, worn out with the battle, in the morning, at the foot of his poor cot in his upper garret crying terribly from the agony of his desolation, a voiceless prayer, 'O Jesus Christ who died for me, let me know how to live for You!' And again with dumb lips and tongue, 'O Jesus Christ who died for me, let me know how to live for You!'

There and then the combat ceased. The storm was swallowed in the appearing of the 'clear-shining.' Elijah said: 'About the middle of the bed, as I knelt at the foot, I saw a Form and a Face, and all my burden, darkness, clouds and horror were gone, and there was abounding joy. My eyes were full of tears and my heart of gladness. I dressed, ran down, nearly tumbling over my master's wife who was sitting on the lowest stair, and told her, "I've seen Jesus Christ!"'

He ran along the streets, telling a man he met,

'I've seen Jesus Christ !' and thus into the Methodist Chapel. Here in his own words is what ensued :

'The preacher was beginning his sermon. When he mentioned the Name I shouted in adoration. I wanted to adore It, but I just shouted, not knowing how to adore or the word "Hallelujah." I shouted a second time, and wanted to shout a third when the Name came again, but by then I saw I was upsetting the preacher and worshippers, and so I didn't shout, I spoke It inside me. They afterwards told me my state was due to my conversion and religious "first love." My rapture, they said, was not to last, would cool down, and I should be quiet like they were. I must keep myself quiet and in the background like a proper young convert should do. But how could I ? That very evening I was in the market place shouting out to anybody who would listen how Christ had saved my soul and made me happy.'

Shortly, Elijah was tempted to doubt his conversion. 'You are *not* saved; you are worse than ever,' was the insistent, persistent suggestion of evil. 'Well, *I will* be better,' was his mental reply, while he knelt, praying and repeating his renunciation of sin and his memory of the spiritual knowledge that had convinced him Christ had forgiven and freed him. All in vain. Nightly he sought the solitude of fields to wage with the unseen enemy. 'Once it seemed to me the Devil held my feet and bumped them together. I cried, "Devil, I will be saved!" I fell asleep. Near Rugby is a railway-tunnel, three miles long. I dreamt I was in it and heard a train coming. In the carriage opposite me,

when the train arrived, sat the evil one. I trembled hugely till a guard with a great cudgel smashed the windows and beat the Devil, who escaped through the other window. I awoke. Comfort and assurance had returned to me. Never again have I lost my knowledge of sins forgiven through Christ.'

CHAPTER III

FINDING A WIFE

ELIJAH'S existence had centred itself upon its Creator. His thoughts were less busy with material than spiritual things, and he yearned to be in constant communion with his Saviour. But the religious manner of the period, even among fervent Non-conformists, was towards frigidity of phrase and a set conservative ritual. The Deity must be approached formally in fixed terms which presently came to include a great deal of inane eloquence. Few prayed without prayer book or memorized prayer, and clergymen and ministers who preached extempore sermons were singular exceptions.

Young Cadman desired to pray and began, aided by his chapel friends, to learn prayers. These were unsatisfactory to him as inexpressive of his need or composed of lengthy words. At a cottage-meeting in an engine-driver's home he was asked to pray aloud for the little company. The recollection of the studied prayers fled; his tongue stuttered a word or two; then, lifting up his craving heart, forgetting the surroundings, he found voice and words to praise and ask. It was a joyous moment. Part of his vocal offering he remembered — 'We have communion here with Thee, O God. We have communion with Thee there. We are in

Heaven on earth.' Thenceforward, he 'prayed every time I got the chance.'

Elijah gloried in his sweep's calling, declaring it an opportunity to serve Christ angels might envy. 'My trade took me into rich and poor people's houses—we swept most of the chimneys in Rugby—and everywhere I spoke of Christ and how He saved me. I was not after mansions or crowns or jewels or Heaven itself, but to serve Him who died for me.'

His conversion had to be, and was, recognized by professing Christians and plain sinners. In and out of season he testified in Rugby streets, in cottages, on village greens, before beer-shops and sometimes in a hall or club-room. He tried to testify in the town market place, but the police had other plans. A discussion resulted, and eventually Cadman told of peace in the soul where previously he had led riot in the body. Some of his leisure was given to study of the New Testament. He hired a boy to read it to him and committed large portions to memory. His efforts to bring his former friends to his belief in Christ had considerable success, a number proving by the daily witness of their changed lives that the miracle of conversion had transformed their characters.

Workers and drunkards flocked to Elijah's meetings, for his sincerity and originality pleased the popular taste. Meetings were held near Rugby 'stocks,' and he has recorded a pertinent conversation with a gentleman fastened in them.

'Why, Bill, what did they put you in there for?'

'They said I was drunk, 'Lijah.'

'But stocks ain't used nowadays. They can't put you in by the law.'

'What's the good of sayin' they can't, 'Lijah? They've done it.'

Cadman used this as an illustration of the tight grasp of sin on the sinner and the general polite disbelief in the Devil's existence. His was, and remained, an apostolic theology, containing a very real, active Satan. At a later day atheism was a public theme and two clever agnostics were announced to lecture in another town. Elijah pondered, arriving at the conclusion that 'These people are fine orators and all the thinking workmen will run after them and get their minds poisoned with doubts about the Living God, our Father. There will be all the men who should accept Christ's Gospel leaning over to the Devil's opposition. Here goes to give the old Serpent a sword-thrust.'

He remembered his earlier speeches, and got out a poster-advertisement setting forth that he would 'Preach on the Birth, Life, and Death of the Devil.' This proved interesting and attracting, men calling to each other when they met, 'D'ye see the Devil's dead?' Cadman's hall was packed with an eager audience. He faced the inquisitive and hostile gathering with calmness, but had had his hour of trembling and fear of failure. 'I am an unlearned man, and I had to pray and wait, and wait and pray, on God, begging Him to instruct me and that all might be made to give Him glory and save souls. When I was on the platform everything came to me and I had no trouble, and the lecture served its purpose and drew souls to Christ.'

The substance of that lecture was thus noted :

1. The Devil's Birth. The Devil was conceived and born when he began his first rebellious thought against God. He was then separated in mind from God, and was Devil. He grew and developed in wickedness, and by subtlety won recruits. As a young Devil, he had followers ; as a grown Devil he had his army of rebels against the Might and Majesty of God. Instead of taking God's place, he became a poor Devil, outcast from Heaven. 2. The Devil's Life. One of incessant torture, a seeking always for what he could devour, a constant failing of his machinations against men by the mercy of God ; a perpetual, unslaked ambition to thwart God's love and purpose for man ; a reminiscence of Heaven in the fiery gloom of Hell. 3. The Death of the Devil was the birth of the Lord Christ in the flesh to redeem mankind. Satan then knew his head was crushed and realized he was prince of an outlaw kingdom only ; that he was doomed to see a world of sinners washed clean in the Blood of the Lamb, and no hour go past without angels rejoicing over men saved by God's free grace. It meant his final, utter separation from God. In the Hell the Devil made for himself is his death.

Here the audience interrupted to shout, ' If Devil's dead where's he buried ? '

The young man on the platform answered, ' He was never buried. He is a dead angel, a stinking devil, and all the corruption, sin, ills and misery of earth are derived therefrom.'

Elijah grew fast in Christian experience. A small revival had followed his work. He was encouraged

to take part in Methodist meetings and was desired to help in the Sunday school. 'Elijah will speak to the children,' drew the little ones, who loved his tenderness to them and his stories. Said the superintendent, 'Elijah, you must teach a class.'

'Oh, I can't teach a class. I can't even read.' The superintendent well knew Elijah's educational facilities had been limited, but thought the statement meant 'no book learning.' So he replied, 'That doesn't matter. You can teach the smallest of the lot.'

There were forty or fifty infants, from two years old, in a room apart. Elijah took the old-fashioned alphabet board in his hand, faced his scholars, talked a little and gained their attention. Then he held up the board, asking in a dignified tone, 'What's that?' pointing to a letter.

Profound silence answered him. Then, a shrill cry from a startled boy enlightened the teacher. 'The board's upside down!' 'So it is,' said Elijah with equal gravity, reversed it, and repeated his query. 'A,' said the child. 'Is he right?' thought Cadman, and, to make sure, had each child name the letter and corroborate the statement before he made a mental note of it. At the end of the third week's 'teaching,' the teacher had the names of the letters in his head and their shapes in his eye. He learnt a variety of one-syllable words likewise, but arrived at a troublesome fence with 'At.' He asked the children in the usual style, 'What's that?'

The class was puzzled once more.

'What do you wear on your 'eads?' 'At. That's it!'

Yet the class progressed and so did he. He taught them the story of Jesus with odd, vivid words, lively mind-pictures, and the homely illustrations dear to childish lives, while they taught him spelling. Class and teacher were devoted to each other. He bought the infants sweets and gave them his gratitude; they bestowed on the young man the sweeter thanks, pure views, and trust of childhood.

When Elijah spoke of them, Elijah the old man, still seeing them children, though they are long since parents and grandparents, the child he was at heart peeped out of his penetrating, faded blue eyes.

‘Did you like sweets, too?’ he was asked.

‘I like ’em still,’ he answered promptly. ‘But since Christ saved me I’ve been able never to study my tastes. I’ve never eaten what I liked but taken what was beneficial to my work and what my body would do with easiest.’

It was a sudden sidelight on a life of self-sacrifice.

While consorting with infants and the alphabet, Elijah continued his open-air meetings. He said: ‘I had to preach (they called it preaching then); I couldn’t keep from being after souls. Every man I saw I longed to know saved, and as happy in Christ as I was. I was not *poor* Elijah; none of my earnings went wrong after my conversion. I had a first-class suit, silk hat, brown kid gloves. The roughs soon finished my first silk hat. But I thought it was the proper style for me to dress to preach the Gospel.’

‘Did the people hear your preaching gladly?’

‘ I can’t say that. They *heard* me right enough ; there was nothing the matter with my lungs. But I kept to what I knew of God. His right to man’s soul and service, necessity for sinners getting saved, and Jesus Christ the only Way by Whom a man can get strength to fight his fight with the Devil and self till he wins to Heaven. That didn’t please. Sometimes there were uproars. Sometimes plenty of mud, stones, bricks, and language flying about. I was used to all, understood the cause of it and the men that did it, was never upset, angry, or frightened by it, and was delighted by souls crying to the Lord and receiving His pardon.’

Elijah then felt keenly the drawbacks due to his lack of education. He accepted humiliations meekly, was sensible of, but not ashamed of his lowly origin ; did not pretend to be other than he was, and carried the matter courageously in public. In private he mourned, often beseeching God to help him to learning sufficient to explain His Gospel in worthy speech. His efforts to respect the conventions in meetings were varied and pathetically ludicrous. From his treasured companion, an old black Bible, he ‘ read ’ the lessons from memory. A local preacher tapped him on the arm after the service. ‘ Elijah, you read the lesson, and the Book was upside down.’ ‘ Did I read it right ? ’ asked Cadman, anxiously. ‘ Oh, yes, quite right.’ ‘ Then, what’s it matter how I held the Book ? ’

Some months after his conversion, in January, 1865, whilst praying, he said, ‘ The Lord told me I was to get married.’ He was an affluent workman, able to support a wife and family in his own degree.

The belief that God would provide him affection and a companion was, in his view, another manifestation of Divine Love expressed in Fatherly consideration for his loneliness. He had been a homeless child and youth, and he was now a homeless man, his seat at the kindly sweep's hearth hardly fulfilling even his own meagre idea of love and companionship. Beneath the martial spirit, rough exterior, and sharp, original vocabulary, were the gentleness and domestic mildness of the manly man. To the Voice within, then, Elijah responded with glad reverence, 'Yes, Lord, when?' Again, his inner ear heard the wondrous tone, 'Next Christmas.' 'Yes, Lord,' replied the young man in his heart.

To him the affair was settled. He did not ponder on it. The Lord had said he would be married next Christmas. That was sufficient. He went on working and testifying. Then, 'In September, while I prayed, the Lord reminded me I was to be married at Christmas. I said, "Lord, how can that be? I haven't got a girl."'

To this there came no reply. In a few days Elijah went to sweep the chimneys at the house of a master of Rugby School. While he stood waiting in the passage or entry a pretty maid came running down the stairs, 'as lightly as if there were no stairs,' to show him the rooms whose chimneys had to be swept. She was dainty and fresh in a lilac print frock, and her soft, light-brown hair framed a charming, round, fair-complexioned, rosy, blue-eyed face. To the young sweep standing there with his brushes in his grimy hands, she seemed an

angel-girl flying down to him. 'And it came to me that it was Her.'

He obeyed her bidding to follow to the first room door and she went away. He proceeded with the chimney and some hard thinking. She knew his name, and he guessed who she was, for her brother was his friend and former boxing-saloon partner, and Elijah had helped him to carry her box when she went to her situation, but he had not met her. All that day he worked, thought of her, and prayed God not to let him make a mistake, or choose a wife to spoil his work for 'Him who died to save me.'

Elijah was in love. The pretty parlourmaid was his first love, though not his first sweetheart. Before his conversion he had 'liked a girl and courted her.' Another youth also paid her attentions. 'Look here,' said Cadman to his rival, after a quarrel, 'Let's fight it out and let the best man take her.' The rival agreed.

Elijah was a good fighter, eager for any fray, and generally in condition from practice. The rival received such a beating that the victor was sorry for him. They shook hands. Elijah was moving off, his triumph entirely spoilt by the state of his opponent's face and body. He turned back. 'Look here,' he said again, 'I've won her but you can have her.'

His real romance was now upon him. At night he sought the advice of a local preacher who worked in a railway cleaning-shed, telling his love-tale, but withholding the lady's name and address. 'What had I better do?' 'Write to her and ask her,'

advised the local preacher. This was done. Elijah dictated the epistle but carried it off to be addressed by a second person who had no inkling of its contents. Despite his strong pleading for 'a reply by return of post' he received no answer.

Going about his sweeping and very black, he met his love, daintier and fresher in his eyes than before. He halted in front of her.

'Good-morning.'

'Good-morning,' returned she.

'Did you get a letter from me?'

'Yes.'

'What did you think of it?'

Very quickly she answered, 'Nothing at all!'

'Well,' said Elijah, throwing all the entreaty he could into his voice and eyes, 'let me know "yes" or "no" by to-morrow morning's post. I can't stand any longer waiting.'

Next day her letter came. It said 'Yes.'

That was a day of delight to the lover. He 'walked on air,' returned thanks to God, rushed to see her brother and mother, and wanted to see her at once. But her 'afternoon out' was not due. He made up a parcel and carried it to her employer's door, asking if he might give it to her; and when she came, there in the doorway he called her his future wife and vowed loyalty and troth.

While Elijah the old man recounted his romance, she sat opposite him, and his warm eloquence, the fire that flashed into his dimmed eyes, his loving descriptions, wrung from her, the reserved, serene, quiet-voiced, sweet-faced old lady, a shy expostulation like a maiden's. To which he retorted, his

heart in his tone, 'You *were* beautiful! My DARLING! I SHALL tell!' and continued:

'Soon I told her I wanted her to marry me by Christmas. She said it was impossible; she couldn't be ready or see her way clear. So I saw her mother and managed to settle the day with the old lady. Christmas was coming near. I arranged for our home and so on. I was quite thriving in my trade. And the day came at last for us to be married at Coventry. The maids where my girl had worked were coming to the wedding, and we were all walking to the station when my darling got nervous and said to me, "Elijah, I don't think I'll get married after all." What could I say? What I did say was, "Well, my love, we've got a splendid cake, here's the ring, and there's a fine wedding dinner, so come and share that."

'I wasn't sure if she would or wouldn't, but we got to the church, she being a churchwoman, and she said "I will," to my delight, and we were wedded.'

Aged twenty-two, Elijah Cadman, at Christmas, 1865, was bridegroom of the bride he firmly believed had been selected for him by God. Nevermore to be loveless or lonely, he looked out from his little home at his small world, rejoicing in his wife and his youth, and sent up a prayer of grateful praise, seeking yet another gift—that he might still lead souls of men to the feet of Christ who had had compassion on him.

Not many days after the marriage a letter came for Elijah from the land and building society of which he was a member. 'Read it,' said the bride,

busy with a household task. 'I can't read it, my dear,' said he. 'Don't tell me that, Elijah. Read it.' 'I can't read,' he insisted. 'Then,' demanded she, '*who* wrote the letter that proposed to me?'

He confessed, and she—went out and bought a spelling book 'with pictures.' Six weeks' tuition from her made him able to read a chapter in the New Testament and write a fair letter, the writing large and angular but clear. 'Yes,' said he, 'it was quick work, but I was sharp on it, and I'd try and read my New Testament going along the streets on my jobs, or any chance I got. It didn't matter to me if it looked funny.'

From this year, 1866, his growing business was deliberately reduced, restricted, and planned to leave him all the time that could possibly be contrived for outdoor preaching. He studied the Bible, prayed, attended the Methodist Church, taught in the Sunday school, aided and spoke to any one in need, kept up his open-air meetings, and seemed scarcely to have a spare moment. Yet his business prospered and progressed, in spite of his efforts and scheme to limit it, to the stage where he had to employ workers. In all, his young life-mate was assistant, counsellor, and encourager, not once urging him to pause in his eager search for souls, or coming between him and his loving service to his Saviour. He could quote truly: 'I have gotten a wife from the Lord.'

CHAPTER IV

TURNED BY A SONG BOOK

IN the annals of Christianity nothing is more consistent and indicative of its Divine principle than the recurring phenomenon of its pristine revival among the people. The Early Church was in the midst of the workers, was visible through, and succoured by them, and has never died or been long away from them.

When the Churches have grown unwieldly or lax from prosperity, and ceased to proclaim and live up to the Light, the fiery torch of recall to the Cross has been placed by Infinite Wisdom in the hands of poor men and women, who have been consecrated by the Holy Spirit to self-sacrifice and love for souls.

When learning and theology have darkened the truth that is so simple, 'the wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot err therein,' there has been raised up some lowly person endowed with a genius for telling plainly of Christ's Salvation.

There has never been a time of trial for the poor people without its accompaniment of spiritual uplifting and enormous advance in spiritual perception. "In all their afflictions He is afflicted, and the Angel of His Presence saves them."

From 1840 to 1880 the people of the British Isles were making a vast struggle toward the rights of

industrial liberty, better social conditions, and education. Beneath much outward acquiescence in circumstances, sedition and revolution were concealed. Brutal deeds and crime were the outcome of brutal environment.

There were thousands living saint's lives amid surroundings and toil their neighbours called hell. It is a peculiarity of primitive Christianity that none, having entered into possession, can refrain from striving to share it with all others, and that any sacrifice is welcomed for the benefit of individual or community.

In this Christian renaissance of the Victorian era, Elijah Cadman was an unwitting disciple. He came to know many great or famous helpers. One who was of like mind was Joseph Arch, champion of agricultural workers, and to be M.P. for a Norfolk division. Mr. Arch and his daughter were valued local preachers and winners of souls to Christ. Elijah, too, had numerous requests for his services; ministers even asked him to fall into line with the ordinary ministry, to which he was urged to devote his life.

He and his wife were willing enough. They were quite ready to exchange their 'good business and prospects' for the pittance of a divinity student's dole and a Nonconformist 'living.' Mr. Cadman began by preparing a 'trial sermon,' complete with 'first, second, and thirdly,' but, on entering the chapel pulpit, he reverted from the minister to the revivalist. His sermon faded from his memory, his notes were useless, he tore them up, discoursed from his heart, and saw souls converted.

It was seen to be certain he could not be a minister. Therefore, he presently became one of a 'Hallelujah Band.'

The Hallelujah Bands, then spreading without any real system or cohesion in England, were composed of men of Cadman's kind who scoured the surrounding districts, holding meetings in sheds, cottages, and outdoors, and 'doing the general work of evangelists.' They wore red shirts in the style of Garibaldi's then famous blouse, and in the meetings took off their coats. Each man preached or testified for five or ten minutes, unless he 'held attention particularly well.' There were ten men in the Rugby band. They won their fee of souls, but there was great opposition to them.

Fiery Elijah with his straight dealing, colourful denunciation of sins by their right names, hand-bell ringing, shouting, and advertisements shrieking of lost souls and Hell, was a special offence. He was pelted with stones, covered with mud, and threatened with worse things. Still, his meetings that began with uproar ended with conversions.

Said Cadman: 'There were the sort of men in those congregations I liked to talk to: men in their shirt-sleeves, smock-frocks, and working togs; men with their hair standing up like bristles, hard men, fighting men, drunkards—these were my sort. The poor working men. By God's help, I could die for them. God save more of them! Converted clowns, wrestlers, prize-fighters, one or another in the band was sure to have something to win the people's ear for the claims of God. The Lord helped the people and helped us to help them.'

Unknown to Elijah, his track was about to diverge into a wider path. His energies were to be directed by a master of leaders and a genius in the art of soul-saving. A man of whom he had not heard, of whom the greater part of England was unaware, whose name and beliefs were to travel to every part of the earth, and who was to be the greatest revivalist, organizer and missionary of his generation, was to command Cadman.

The star of William Booth was rising, not risen. He and his family were living in Hackney, North London. Born in 1829, behind him lay twenty-three years of struggles, vicissitudes, and exhausting labours, endured in the effort to preach the Apostolic Gospel in a manner to arrest the attention of the toiling population. He was converted before he was sixteen years of age ; standing on a kitchen chair in a small Nottingham street, at fourteen preached his first sermon ; as a youth brought hundreds of souls into the Church in the Midlands ; was an ordained, acceptable minister of the Methodist New Connexion, from which he departed rather than compromise on his conviction of religious liberty ; and husband of the saintly, intellectual, and eloquent Catherine Mumford, and father of gifted sons and daughters.

William Booth led a small company of Christian workers in East London. From services in an old tent on the Quakers' burying-ground in Thomas Street, and open-air gatherings in Mile End Road, the membership increased by conversions until the congregation had, in 1865, to give itself a name and put a roof over its head. The name was the

'Christian Mission to the Heathen of our own Country,' the roof was a house in Whitechapel Road, and the Rev. William Booth was General Superintendent, preacher, teacher, leader, organizer, adviser, and everybody's servant in religion.

The Mission was poverty itself. The reverend gentleman and his wife, having flung away a comfortable living for love of the poor, were poor. The growing crowd of converts was poor. There was abundance of spiritual riches, every meeting resulting in blessings of conversion, joy, faith, hope, healing and soul-enlightenment descending in a primitive, apostolic style that frightened Church people who visited the hall. Nobody actually starved, went naked, or was without shelter, but that was the extent of the material prosperity of the Mission. There were no funds. The Mission lived from hand to mouth on halfpennies and pennies its converts contributed and donations from the few kindly persons who became interested in its miracles.

In the *'Life of William Booth,'* by Harold Begbie, there is a graphic sketch by a Christian Mission convert of the Rev. William Booth and his method :

'I met him promiscuously. That was on July 26, 1865. I looked at him. He looked at me. Something in the man's external appearance took hold of me then and there. At first I thought he was going to ask the way somewhere. I could see he was a minister, for he wore a white choker and a tall hat, and I thought he was strange to the place. But after he had looked at me a long while, says he

very sadly, "I'm looking for work." I was taken aback. "I've got no place," says he, "to put my head in." I got hold of some coins in my pocket, and was just going to offer them to him when he pointed to the public-house just opposite ("The Blind Beggar") and "the boys," a great crowd of them, and says he, "Look at those men," he says, "Look at them! Why should I be looking for work? There's my work over there, looking for me." "You're right, sir," I said, "those men are forgotten by God and man, and if you can do anything for them, 'twould be a great work." And what made me say that? Sure it was just the man's external appearance. He was the finest-looking gentleman ever you saw—white-faced, dark-eyed, and a great black beard over his chest; sure there was something strange about him that laid hold on a man. He told me he was preaching in the Mile End Road, and asked me to come and hear him, and bring some of the boys along with me, and I promised I would. On the next day I was to fight Fitzgerald. . . . But not very long after that he had me down at the penitent-form, he prayed with me, and afterwards I was converted. I got up from my knees ready to die for that man.'

William Booth had drawn together not only workmen, but men of talent.

Among these George S. Railton was prominent. He edited a small periodical lengthily named 'The Christian Mission Magazine. A Treasury of Revival Literature and Record of Evangelistic Work among the People.' The first volumes were edited by William Booth. Mrs. William Booth was

a frequent contributor. Her articles have, to-day, a curious quality of modernity, because they deal with conditions and questions that occur and arise in each generation. The outlook of the magazine was entirely spiritual. There were no advertisements. In one volume the unsigned preface apologizes for 'What seems like a monotony of success in soul-winning.' There are also a long list of departed Christian Missioners—a striking though unconscious commentary on the high rate of mortality among the masses—and a note, 'We do not long to have a more learned body of contributors to our magazine. Not many wise men after the flesh, nor many mighty, are likely even to read our pages so long as they continue exclusively to treat of the Salvation of sinners. We are thankful to have an increase of the material we want, accounts of great spiritual events expressed in plain, everyday English.'

Among 'the great spiritual events,' chronicled in one number in 1876, is the life and death story of Henry White, Norfolk boy and London Docker, and open-air exhorter of men to flee to Christ for Salvation and happiness. His mate said: 'When White led the Believers' Meeting we have often had to break up the regular order of it, compelled to do no more than praise or pray, God's blessing being almost more than we could bear.'

With a religion of such inexpressible consolation to the poor, it is no wonder that the Rev. William Booth, acutely certain of its power to work yet greater miracles in ignorant, hopeless lives, was consumed with impatience and ardour, 'on fire'

to place Christ before the people and rescue them from despair. The designedly restrained diction and extreme propriety of the little magazine tingle with a sweeping, leaping enthusiasm, vital as live flame.

The quarter ending May 7, 1876, shows the Mission had members, 2,455; public speakers, 546; weekly indoor meetings, 167; weekly outdoor meetings, 213; weekly indoor attendances, 22,800; anxious inquirers, 4,817; magazines copies sold, 4,676; contributions, £2,724 12s. There was a constantly extending network of spiritual organization among the working or destitute, arranged and governed by a master mind who is rarely mentioned but evidently animated the whole. William Booth was that mind.

His name came to Elijah Cadman by one of Mrs. Cadman's brothers, who brought him a red-covered song book 'compiled by the Rev. William Booth.' Elijah carefully, delightedly read it. 'I'll use it in my meetings. This man has the real religion in him,' said he.

Then arrived one of Cadman's converts, who had joined the Primitive Methodists, saying, 'Elijah, I've seen a people in London who live to serve Christ, and they're our class.'

Elijah, interested above everything in any creed that reached and helped the people, at once determined to go to London to a Christian Mission meeting.

He did, and the gates of world-wide opportunity for him began to swing on their hinges.

CHAPTER V

CADMAN MEETS WILLIAM BOOTH

WHEN Elijah sighted the Christian Mission it attracted him, he said, 'as the magnet does steel.'

Within the porch or large entrance of the tall, narrow house in Whitechapel Road, called Headquarters by the Mission, the daily noon-meeting was in action. Cadman loved his fellow-men and loved them most in herds. This crowd was inside and around the door, and half across the footpath. Jeering, sneering, yelling and laughing, some of its component parts hooted out comments and queries to the Missioner who, much above concert pitch, was addressing it as 'my dear brothers.' The 'dear brothers' were availing themselves of more than family privileges of contradiction.

The charmed Rugby evangelist recognized with pleasure the signs of warfare between good and evil, and that 'the truth was, as usual, making the Devil howl!' He thrust himself into the mass and edged his sturdy, small form by degrees close to the little platform. He wore a well-cut suit of good cloth and a tall silk hat, for he was a prosperous tradesman owning a thriving shop besides the extensive chimney-sweep business, and he had bought a smart cob and trap to run his red-shirted,

rough-capped self about the country on his Master's affairs of revivalism.

Elijah without the tall hat was not a man to pass unnoticed in any gathering. Lacking introduction or inquiry, the meeting leader presently bent down to him saying, ' Brother, will you have a word with them ? '

He would and did. The crowd soon gave greeting and hearing to one it acknowledged from his first thunderous sentences to be one of its own and its equal in retort and personal criticism. The Missioner stood back, smiling and resting. Elijah was ' making a mark ' on the minds of his grinning, interested hearers, the silk hat was off his head and forming an admirable article in his hands for emphasizing points in the discourse, and the frock-coat tails were flying.

' Where are you from, Brother ? ' asked the leader when the congregation dispersed.

' Rugby.'

' What are you ? '

' Primitive Methodist local preacher and master-sweep. What's this Mission ? '

' Christian Mission, formed by Rev. William Booth.'

' Ah, I use his hymn-book. He's a MAN ! '

' Would you like to see him ? '

' *Oh, I should !* '

' Come on, then.' The Missioner opened a door into an uncarpeted room, furnished with a table, desks and chairs, books and papers. Three men, two of whom were young, the other nearing middle-age, were hard at work.

‘The General Superintendent,’ the Missioner explained.

The middle-aged William Booth with his long, black beard and black hair thrown back from a great white forehead, rose, uncommonly tall, and looked down with his brilliant, keen, kind, grey eyes at the little man who gazed up with intent, shrewd, penetrating scrutiny.

‘I heard your voice outside,’ said the minister, a gleam in his glance, and a twitch at the corners of his mouth. Elijah twinkled back understanding. They shook hands, but their senses of sincerity and humour had already embraced.

Serious, they sat down, and William Booth, his long white fingers pulling at his long black beard, explained tersely the purpose and work of the Christian Mission ‘for God, souls, and human kind.’

Elijah replied by a pungent description of his evangelizing and its results; his trade and circumstances.

William Booth spoke to the younger of the two men. ‘Bramwell, take Mr. Cadman’s name and address.’ The youth, twenty years old, round-faced and brown-eyed, with a finely shaped head on somewhat too-slender shoulders, did so; then, ‘George, will you speak to our friend?’ said Mr. Booth, and the interview was over.

‘I’m in love with him! He’s a MAN!’ cried Cadman, outside the door, to George Railton, and that thin, prematurely-worn apostle smiled. He knew the General Superintendent’s capacity for arousing devotion. He gathered concisely together the Mission’s record for the visitor, speaking in the

curiously soft, deep voice and brief, sufficient phrases that were afterwards to sound round the globe twenty times, telling his message from Malta to Mexico, the Gold Coast to Lapland.

Cadman learnt that Bramwell Booth, 'the long-legged lad' who had noted his name and residence, was the eldest son and secretary of the General Superintendent, and that Railton was Secretary of the Mission, sharing the evangelistic charge of Mission Stations at Poplar and Cubitt Town; that there were twenty-nine Stations or districts, nineteen in London and ten in the provinces. With this information, the knowledge that 'there was no money in it,' and having bought copies of the magazine, Elijah took his leave.

At home, he studied the pages of the journal and was moved to joyous shouting over the triumphs and the expounded religion. A report from the Missioners at Shoreditch said :

'For ten or twenty years parliamentary agitation on behalf of the working classes with school boards, temperance societies, and clubs still leaves this East End of London in a degraded, sin-blighted, poverty-stricken condition. To every registered place of public worship there are thirty drinking houses!'

'Those who would move the world must first move themselves,' is Mr. Booth's comment, and the Shoreditch Missioners, who are two women, realized this, and took a stand against the traffic that ruins souls. They waited outside public-houses, sang hymns, then prayed audibly, and finally went inside the doors.

Their first attempt was on a 'dismal wet night'

and the astonishment of landlord and customers found voice in the query, 'Has Wainwright been reprieved?' An East End murderer was then lying under sentence of death. The reply was that the Missioners knew nothing of the criminal's fate, but had ventured in to talk about souls and how to stop the drink trade. They were permitted to hold a meeting on the spot, and distribute tracts and bills with the Mission address. Some customers promised to come to the hall, and 'three women vowed never to touch the cursed cup again.'

On 'Female Ministry' Mr. and Mrs. Booth and the magazine speak with authority in 1867:

'They say it is improper for women to preach the Gospel. What is it proper for women to do? Only to stand before the public in a shop? Has woman no better destiny than to stand or sit in waiting upon man's bodily needs? Will any one find out why women should not stand before the public to offer them the Bread of Life, the wine and the milk of the Gospel, and the robes of righteousness?

'Thank God our columns bear witness monthly to the fact that God has poured out His Spirit upon His handmaids as well as upon His sons, and that women, guided and supported by Him, can accomplish everything in spiritual work that man can do.'

The journal was a swelling volume of praise and miracles. The small pages of small type were packed with strange things described in colloquial style, with references to 'combats,' 'fighting,' 'war,' 'victory,' 'fire,' 'the standard of the Cross.'

'Who,' cried the General Superintendent in October, 1876, 'will unfurl yet wider to the world that sacred banner which bears the glorious inscription, *'Salvation through the Blood of Christ for every man from every sin'* ?

The words were read at the Mission funeral of 'Praying John,' a 'man of God and villager of Ewhurst, Kent.'

'Oh, sir,' said a grave-digger, weeping, 'I've seen many and many a funeral, but never anything like this !'

'I believe in these Mission people,' declared a stranger suddenly. 'The volunteers have been firing over that grave, and now they've gone all over the town to enjoy themselves ; but these Christian Mission people still keep on singing.'

What they sang was, 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.'

Reading all this, Elijah Cadman's soul could hardly contain itself. His own people, his own ideal of true religion, and more, called to him in every line, and his recollections of his visit to the Mission Headquarters and Mr. Booth were vivid. He prayed for blessings on the work and the man while he continued his own labour with increased eagerness and understanding.

'Then,' said Elijah, 'there came a letter from Mr. Booth asking some very straight questions about myself which I answered as straight. Next, he wrote with regard to my coming to help him.'

'Did he offer you money or prospects of advancement in life ?'

'No. He knew what I was earning and didn't

expect me to give up. My material affairs were flourishing, in spite of the fact that I put the affairs of God first. I replied to Mr. Booth that money was no consideration to us. Mrs. Cadman and I were for serving God. I didn't believe in a paid ministry.'

'Then how did you expect ministers to live?'

'By the Word of God. The disciples of our Lord never had a salary. Where you go the Church should give you your food and necessary things. Where you stay you get your bed. What more do you want if you're given up to God? It had been in my mind to give up the businesses I had when there was enough for the wife and little ones, buy a good tent, and move about the country as a sort of people's evangelist, never asking for more collection than to pay the small expenses.'

'Were you going to leave your wife?'

'No, never! My wife, darling, quiet mother, always left things to God and me, bless her. She would ask questions and give sound advice, but never yet put a straw in the way to make me stumble in my work for God or my duty to my soul He saved. I was sure God knew I did want to serve Him sincerely, to serve Him first and all the time, and He would provide for me.'

A little correspondence ensued, but nothing was settled by Mr. Booth. Later, he asked Elijah to meet him at Wellingboro', where he was holding week-end meetings. The revivalist went, found an excellent hall, the Mission 'going strong,' and a 'live Missioner' with whom he stayed, and whom he helped in the open-air services. Mr. Booth

preached in the morning a sermon that gladdened the visitor, and made him 'want to yell the roof off for its power in truth.' Afterwards the preacher said casually, 'Well, Cadman, I'm leaving you to it this afternoon.'

Elijah knew Mr. Booth's health was indifferent, that he was then suffering, and he imagined the preacher was wisely sparing himself for the evening service. The afternoon brought a large congregation of the kind dear to the revivalists—a few saved Church people, some Mission converts and respectable working men and their wives, but the majority were public-house customers turned out at closing time, corner loungers, and 'riff-raff' attracted by the novel advertisements, ejaculations of the audience, and the oddity of the preacher's style.

Vigorous singing, praise and prayer, opened the service. Then Cadman took his coat off and took the floor, letting himself loose on the profoundest aspects of eschatology. Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell, were brought before the audience in language and with illustrations it could understand because they were its own tongue and actions. From his experience the orator proclaimed Salvation for the soul and happiness in the body, and in his eagerness he was, as one said, 'Like a Jack-in-the-box gone mad, on the platform, off the platform, on a form amongst the people, and on the platform rail.' Such enthusiasm stirred enthusiasms that agreed and objected. The place was filled with shoutings. The saved cried praises, glorifying God; the unsaved interrupted angrily or groaned

miserably 'under conviction.' There were penitents kneeling at the penitent-form praying with Missioners to God for forgiveness, and the meeting ended in a blaze of 'Hallelujahs' and the reverent singing of the Doxology.

Elijah went to take tea with Mr. Booth.

'Well, Cadman, had a good time?'

'Yes, Mr. Booth,' responded the now quiet Elijah in a subdued tone.

'You believe in preaching teetotalism in a brewery town?'

'Oh, I do! It's the brewers that need teetotalism most,' said Elijah, who had interwoven with a 'real Salvation talk' a vehement exposure of the hindrance strong drink forms to the workers.

He learned that Mr. Booth had not been resting but listening in the lobby, with the aid of the door-keepers, who kept him informed of Cadman's behaviour. 'What's all that shouting? What's that about?' asked Mr. Booth. To which the watcher whispered: 'He's a-straddling the platform-rail, showing 'em how the spiritually undecided wobbles,' etc.

The General Superintendent preached at night 'with magnificent results' in ragged men's souls. He left on Monday morning and Elijah bade him good-bye. Mr. Booth, leaning from the train, remarked:

'Cadman, when can you come?'

'When you like.'

'Can you come in a fortnight?'

'Yes.'

'Very well, then.'

The Rugby leader of spiritual guerilla warfare had recognized organization and given allegiance to a leader of leaders.

The train went off and Elijah went about his labour of soul-catching that day. On Tuesday he returned home to tell his wife he had made the arrangement that held no arrangements within it, to sell his businesses, convert the result into investment, and adjust matters for the comfort of Mrs. Cadman and their children.

That remarkable woman busied herself in buying and packing the bed and bedding, linen and cutlery, and the personal necessities with which Christian Missioners had advised him to furnish himself and he could be prevailed upon to sanction.

Within the fortnight Elijah precipitated himself into London.

CHAPTER VI

ROUGHS AND RIOTS

ELIJAH had understood that a guide would meet him on the momentous day in his career, August 5, 1876, when he arrived at Hackney Station. Nobody appearing, he piled his luggage on and in a cab, and drove to the evangelist's quarters in Havelock Road.

The evangelist answered the knock at the door, and immediately intimated that though he had resigned his post in the Christian Mission, he had not resigned the apartment, and did not intend leaving it for his successor.

During the evangelist's frigid eloquence, the cabman silently took his fare, put Elijah's boxes on the pavement, and drove away. Elijah, after a moment's consideration, tried the handle of the portal of the adjacent Mission Hall, found it unlocked, dragged his goods inside it, and returned to the disgruntled worker.

Relenting a little that gentleman invited Elijah to enter and hear a terrible tale of Mr. Booth. 'You have been deceived,' said the man, 'and you had better return from whence you came.' The Christian Mission was described as anything but what it ought to be, the General Superintendent, his family, and co-operators were worse, and any

good man would do as the resentful one was about to do—start a perfect opposition mission. He was unaware, he said, of Elijah's impending arrival, or he would have written and stayed him with solemn warnings concerning the people amongst whom he was casting his lot.

Thought Elijah: 'Here's a dark reception, but there'll be light at the end. This chap does not sound straight, and I'm certain Mr. Booth is. I'll let Mr. Knowall go on talking while I do a little inward praying.'

When the monologue finished Elijah replied confidently, 'the Lord won't lead me wrong in His business. Where does Mr. Booth live?'

'At Gore Road.'

To Gore Road Elijah walked, and was welcomed heartily. The household, united and happy, was undoubtedly a centre of great activities. He perceived Mrs. Booth to be 'a sweet lady. A Christian lady by her face. She was good-looking in the ordinary sense, too, of medium height, a rose colour in her cheeks, a soft, gentle voice, an amiable, womanly woman, a mother. When I saw her in pulpit and on platform afterwards, she impressed me, as she did others better able to judge than I, with her eloquence, quietness, and devotion to the spiritual needs of her audience. She was very sedate in speaking, but mighty convincing. While I was there a bed had to be moved and rather than his wife and the servant should do it, Mr. Booth had taken off his coat and helped with it. He had no idea of women being just house-slaves or doing tasks unworthy of men's great



EVANGELIST ELIJAH CADMAN AT HIS FIRST STATION,
HACKNEY, 1877.

bodies and minds ; he was a woman's man in the best sense.'

A humble and uncomfortable lodging was all that could be procured for Elijah, and that evening he began his work as a Christian Missioner. Before he met William Booth he had had a dream that he was holding meetings in a strange place. He was in the centre of riots, streets were packed with people, and he held services in a hall with many strange stairways about it. When he went over the Hackney Hall he remembered his dream—'for this is the place I dreamt of. God showed me it ; surely He has sent me here.'

Discouragement was attacking this Mission congregation. At Elijah's first class a man announced, 'I'm done with the Christian Mission ; take my name off the roll.' Elijah did so and answered, 'Your name's off. Who's the next ?' No one answered or moved. Elijah outlined his hopes and a campaign. 'Nothing on earth can make me feel there is any mistake about my appointment,' he said, truthfully.

His first fight was in the slums, in those days a fearful neighbourhood. He visited them by day, and preached in them by night. The inhabitants threatened to 'cut his throat' if he came again, but he was visible the same evening, smiling happily, and sending out his daring message of the results of sin in Boanerges fashion. After preaching he walked backwards, singing and waving a huge umbrella. The streets filled with listeners and roughs who hustled the few Missioners. They retreated in good order, still singing, small Elijah's great voice leading or giving out Bible texts.

Irate publicans organized gangs of men to break up the processions. Elijah solemnly and publicly warned them against persecuting people who served God and desired to snatch men from their sins to repentance, belief, and Salvation. In two weeks three of the persecutors died.

The police were worried and wrathful with this disturber of the insecure 'peace' of the slum district. Elijah was ordered to 'move on' and did move at the slow march of a stately funeral. The police then walked directly behind him, pushing him forward and 'barking' the little man's heels at each step. One night the procession of Missioners had marched from the 'Triangle' down Mare Street, accompanied by the usual shower of stones and filth. Elijah stepped into the police station and exhibited himself covered from head to foot in dirt. 'Look what the mob's been doing to me.' The sergeant roared with laughter. 'But,' said Elijah gravely, 'you must protect me; I'm a law-abiding citizen, and I'm making law-abiding citizens out of criminals.' His converts were many and notorious.

Another night the police were so incensed at the noisy crowds in and around the hall that they flung a number of Mission lads head first down the steps. Cadman had the matter mentioned to the Chief of Police, and thenceforward the Missioners had nominal protection.

At a Sunday morning meeting held near a central lamp-post roughs assaulted the Missioners and rolled the evangelist in the mud. He got up when they had finished and continued the meeting. He was knocked down again, again rose, and went on,

undaunted. Young Bramwell Booth came on the scene and was horrified at the spectacle.

‘Get into the Hall, Cadman, at once!’ ordered he.

No Missioner showed more ingenuity and daring in facing the odds and winning his way to the hearts of the most degraded persons than Elijah, but none was, or has been, more subject to discipline. He obeyed Mr. Bramwell, and the bedraggled procession fell in, and retired to the Hall. ‘It nearly broke my heart to do so, but I was at it again after dinner,’ remembered Elijah, ‘for those fellows had to be got in to hear the Gospel.’

He soon had some fifty men and women converts conscious of the depths from which they had been drawn, filled with gratitude to God for their rescue and zeal to rescue others. The worst and poorest in all districts were the charge of the Mission evangelists. ‘I never knew William or Bramwell Booth start work in a well-to-do locality. Our work was all for slums, giving special attention to public-houses. We used the outside of these as open-air meeting stands,’ Elijah says. Mrs. Cadman, having sold her home, had joined him with her children, and shared his toiling, trying existence with calm courage.

In September, 1876, Cadman’s first report appeared in the Magazine, prefaced by the text, ‘Not by might nor power but by My Spirit, saith the Lord.’ ‘The Lord is blessing us here. We have open-air meetings every night and God has been with us. Souls are being saved. Last night while a sister was speaking many came to hear her and there was weeping all round us. One man, like Paul,

was struck by the Spirit to the ground. This man came to the meeting, there thanked God he had found the Saviour, and went home happy. Thousands are going to Hell from Hackney. The harvest is great, but the labourers few. Christians, will you help us ? ’

Over the signature ‘ E. Cadman ’ a diary is later printed.

‘ *Saturday*. The Spirit of God captured a detective in the open-air. He wept, came with us to the Hall, and raved about like a madman in agony. He asked me to shoot him. Thank God, he was shot already ; the arrow of Divine Truth had entered his soul. He had come from Manchester after a man, and though he did not catch the man in London, the Lord caught him in His loving arms, and he went away rejoicing.

‘ *Sunday*. Sinners came to Jesus. A man said his home was in the country, his mother lived there, and was in a good position. He, through drink, had become a prodigal. Passing our Hall, he thought he would come in. Every word spoken, he said, cut him to the heart. He gave himself to God and went away thanking God for a praying mother.

‘ *Monday*. I preached from Jeremiah vi. 29. Several gave their hearts to God. We resolved to pray every day from one o’clock till two to the Lord to save sinners. A man selling baked potatoes close to our stand flung some and other things in our faces. We were not moved. At the cab-rank we began to sing ‘ Jesus, the name high over all ’ when a publican gave an organ-grinder money to play by us. So we had potatoes and music free.

Some infidels made a great noise. Many followed us to the Hall. Some said we ought to be locked up ; others that we were doing a good work.

' Friday. We had, as usual, two stands. One section had drunken men and about fifty boys set on them by a publican. They saw we would not stop, so they did, and we had a good meeting. At our other stand a cabman drove his horse and cab round and round the people, then through the midst of us.

' Saturday. Good prayer meeting at the Hall, then marched singing to open-air stand. Several spoke with power. A drunken man tried to break up our ring. In the Hall, Christ saved souls. The drunken man was locked up for knocking a policeman down, and we were blamed for it.

' Sunday. Held meeting down a court. Many wept and came to the Hall as they were in their rags and dirt. At the close, several cried to God for mercy. At night they were again with us, with clean faces. One young woman said she could not be saved because her infidel husband had on his dying bed with almost his last breath made her promise to meet him in Hell. She was deeply convicted of sin and came many times to the penitent-form. At last she was able, by Christ's power, to say, " I will live for God." She is now helping us.'

From this time Elijah was engulfed in the Christian Mission, which was itself engulfed deeper, year by year, in devotion to the people. The farther it sank into the depths of sin and poverty, the greater the animosity it aroused. None of the

Churches appear to have noted or approved its efforts, though its influence on the people was profound, lasting, and beneficial. There are hundreds of families to-day in the British Empire whose social ascent and prosperity date from the hour their grandparents or parents were converted in a Christian Mission Hall.

The Mission remained poverty-bound. As a married man, Elijah, like his brother evangelists, was supposed to receive twenty-seven shillings per week with one shilling weekly for each child. Mr. Booth said, 'If you are short, let me know; the office will pay you.'

Answered Elijah, who knew the General Superintendent was often without a shilling, 'Sir, I have not come in for money and if God does not give me souls, and the money is not given by the people, I shall not ask you for a penny.' This was to let the leader understand Elijah held him under no obligation for pay. Mr. and Mrs. Booth frequently had to go for charity to friends of broad Christian views, literally begging for small sums to meet the Mission's daily expenses.

Cadman invariably cleared the financial decks at his various evangelistic stations. He was able to pay for halls, lighting, necessities for the work, and to get a little salary from the people. A note of his method in public was made, nearly forty years later, by an American pressman :

'An official on the platform got up and appealed for a liberal offering. There wasn't enough fire in the way he made this appeal to suit Cadman. "Wait a bit," said he. "You should never talk

‘shy.’ Ask for it as if you wanted it as much as you do.”’

The Missioners underwent privations, and many unable to bear these, together with the strain imposed by exigencies of the exacting toil, had to relinquish their posts.

‘We were really poor,’ Elijah remarked. ‘We got some big collections, though, what with rats, cats, stones, and mud, and Hackney was the place where they were also liberal with flour and yellow ochre, which they poured over or shied at us. I was often like a miller. But we didn’t circulate such offerings. We then had collections on Sundays only. God often sent me money in answer to private prayer. Every true evangelist of the Mission did his work at big personal sacrifice. The General Superintendent and his family led in that, as in other things.’

Having rescued at Hackney various intending suicides from their purpose, seen an organ-grinder and potato-man converted, and a very large number of infidels, drunken or vicious cabmen, carmen, bricklayers, factory workers, and others transformed by God through the Lord Jesus Christ into sober, pure-living, hardworking citizens intent only on peace and well-doing, Elijah received orders to leave that district and work in Leicester.

It was the summer of 1877. Leicester had a good reputation in the Mission annals, but was then under clouds of misunderstanding and contention. Cadman began by ‘praying the debt off.’ At the special private meeting of believers he summoned for this purpose, an unknown woman who had

entered the Hall dropped down on her knees at his feet, crying to God to save her soul. The financial situation was suspended while she was shown how to approach the Saviour and claim His Salvation by repentance and confession to Him. On realizing His assurance of forgiveness, she presented a half-crown as thank-offering. The Christian Missioner and financier Cadman then resumed the business of the evening, 'praying off the debt.' Still, the urgency of souls seems to have run alongside, for the minutes read, 'The meeting closed with three souls for Holiness, and £7 3s.'

The Mission debt must have been liquidated quickly, for Elijah's scant entries are henceforth silent concerning it. But the tale of souls continues and grew. On a single day in September, six persons are specially enumerated.

'No. 1. A backslider shouted, "O Lord, I'm a big backslider, and haven't come here to see these people or show myself. Lord, save me! Worse I am than an ordinary sinner; I'm naught but a poor backslider." No. 2. Rank infidel. Sobbed, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" No. 3. In his shirt-sleeves and his other clothes ragged. Danced for joy when saved, declaring, "My burden is all gone. I could jump through the eye of a needle!" No. 4. A poor street girl. Followed in from the open-air meeting, meekly confessed "my black catalogue of sin," and went away rejoicing, to struggle against the world back to true virtue. Nos. 5 and 6. Man and wife. Embraced each other when converted, calling on God to

witness that their lives should testify their gratitude to Him for His goodness.'

Mr. Booth visited Leicester and the consequence was, according to Elijah, 'Yards of souls'; that is, long rows of penitents of all kinds and sizes, men, women, and children, groaning, weeping, praying, confessing, and giving thanks. The meetings were held in a huge store named the 'Salvation Warehouse.'

The General Superintendent had, shortly before, preached in Leicester the funeral sermon of a murderer, one John Starkey, executed in Redcar Street. Five thousand handbills announced the preacher's intention, and were distributed to the concourse assembled round the jail immediately after the hoisting of the black flag. At eight o'clock in the evening, 2,000 rough, ragged, and disreputable, half-drunken persons were admitted to the 'Warehouse.' A large crowd had to remain outside the doors.

Mr. Booth's text was Luke xiii. 1-5. The wild congregation at the beginning of the discourse approved his words by stamping and clapping, but were speedily tamed by him into the solemnity and silence due to the Gospel. Presently they listened with grave intentness, and there was a great hush of awe when he concluded with the words, 'We shall all have to face our trial and the Judge. John Starkey had none to mitigate his dreadful crimes; there was no help for the doomed and dying man; but here to-day Jesus is pleading for you, offering you a pardon purchased with His Blood, pardon for the vilest, pardon for the farthest

from God, pardon for the nearest to eternal woe, pardon NOW.'

There was a mighty haul of penitents from this audience, which probably could not have been induced to hear a sermon under any other circumstances. These converts it was, of course, Elijah's business to shepherd.

Bramwell Booth, aged twenty-one, hurried from Whitechapel to strengthen the Mission by encouragement. He managed in the turmoil of prayers, meetings, conversation, interviews, and general business to indite the following bit of description for George Railton, and that throbbing scarlet evangel (disguised in a discreet grey cover), the 'Magazine.'

"Well, Bill, on my word, this *is* a licker!" said a big, broad-shouldered fellow with his braces tied round his waist, and having a general appearance of being just awakened from sleeping off a debauch, at about half-past six on Sunday morning, as some 120 individuals, headed by three banners, swept round a corner singing:

Oh, I'm happy all the day,
Since He washed my sins away,
And I never mean to grieve Him any more!

They formed a ring and began to pray. All day *my* heart responded, "Yes, thank God, this is a licker!"

'The morning's processions lasted one and a half hours, interspersed with prayers and testimony at twelve or fourteen stopping places. We reached the "Warehouse" at 7.30 and by 8.5 there

had been forty short testimonies to the power of God, and one man professed conversion.

' At 10 o'clock in Russell Square a crowd of men with dogs and women with baskets and babies awaited us. It seems they worship God there regularly with us. A most touching appeal was made by a new convert to his old mates. At 11 o'clock to the " Warehouse " for the meeting.

' The afternoon was lively ; the public-houses were shutting when our procession passed, and we had some attentions from their customers. This drew a bigger congregation. At night two separate " open-air " which afterwards met. The people followed us. Some cabbage-stumps and mud flew, but there was little disturbance by even the roughest. The service was very crowded, and was a time of power and the presence of God. A collection for the Indian Famine Fund resulted in £6, mostly in copper, and we had a long row of penitents.

' What struck me was the zeal of our own people and their determination to " get all the good they could out of it," as one speaker said. Here is a body of men and women ready to attempt anything to which they are led in their new-found Master's name. Glory be to God for these trophies, these brands from the burning, drunkards, thieves, outcasts, liars, swearers, made kings and priests and followers of the Lamb ! O God, increase their numbers ! '

That is a curious contribution to the literature of the Victorian age from the young man, ' Bramwell Booth, aged twenty-one,' official Secretary of the

Christian Mission, and unofficial father in God to forty or fifty mature evangelists, including not the least, Elijah Cadman.

Elijah stayed at Leicester three months. It was three months of conversions and startling processions. He delighted to introduce special evangelists and speakers to the people. One of his platform attractions to lure the unsaved into the 'Warehouse' for conversion was the celebrated giant, Dr. Morrison. The 'Doctor' weighed thirty-four stone. Elijah advertised meetings by 'billing' the huge man and his little self as 'The Giant and the Dwarf!'

CHAPTER VII

THE FIRST 'CAPTAIN'

TOWARDS the close of 1877 Elijah was appointed to Whitby, Yorkshire, where there was no Christian Mission Post, although there were urgent calls for one. He had instructions from Mr. Booth to establish the work. A gentleman in the railway carriage on the journey thither informed him Whitby had enough Churches and Chapels, but that the people in them were all dead. Elijah replied that by the help of God he proposed to do his best to wake them to life.

A poor, unknown man, who had been praying for a branch of the Mission to be opened, met him at the station, caught his hand and asked, 'Are you Mr. Cadman?'

'Yes,' said Elijah.

'I knew it. I saw you in my dream.'

After this John Bunyanish greeting they went to the poor man's house, had a cup of tea with the poor man's wife, and it being then 7 p.m. they went out and viewed the town. At eight o'clock a cottage prayer meeting was started and 'two souls were brought into His Light.'

All the next day Elijah walked about inviting the 'worst looking kind of persons' he met to come and hear him speak on the pier in the evening.

Some did so. A man 'who had been a Christian but had put his soul under chloroform' was aroused to the extent that he could not eat or sleep comfortably for several days and nights. Then he renewed his vows to God and assisted Elijah.

A portion of the pier audience having shown the unmistakable symptoms of being under conviction of sin, Elijah was permitted by a man to invite them into his house close by. The room was crowded and two souls began to cry to God for pardon. There being, of course, no penitent-form or suitable substitute Cadman had the penitents kneel at the fender.

Much encouraged, he speedily achieved notoriety as a 'Madman,' and rented a Hall seating about 800 people, in the centre of the town, for Sundays. An old court house that looked like a belfry but held some 200 persons, did duty for week-nights. The town crier was hired to announce the Sunday Services. There were 'seven souls, and seven shillings collection.' The Russo-Turkish War and the question of Great Britain entering the strife were public topics. So there followed the placarding of the town with bills in big letters :

WAR! WAR! IN WHITBY!

2,000 Men and Women Wanted

To Join the HALLELUJAH ARMY

That is attacking the Devil's Kingdom every Sunday

In St. Hilda's Hall, at 11 a.m., 3 and 6.30 p.m.,

Led by Captain Cadman from London, Evangelist of the

CHRISTIAN MISSION

Fishermen and jet-workers thronged to the gatherings. There were thirty kneeling at the penitent-form on Sunday, and twenty-five professed conversion. This news, with stranger rumours, brought Christians from various places of worship to see for themselves what was happening. Of these a number remained in the Meetings to obtain the blessing of a 'clean heart.'

Holiness or entire sanctification, a tearing up and casting out of the roots of sin in the heart, was a strong tenet of the Mission, preached as diligently to professing Christians as Salvation to non-professors. Elijah held a Holiness Meeting each Friday.

When Mr. Booth came on his customary visit, Cadman heralded the week-end by posters and handbills proclaiming :

THE GENERAL OF THE HALLELUJAH ARMY
is coming to WHITBY
TO REVIEW THE TROOPS
GREAT BATTLES WILL BE FOUGHT

The town was startled into curious discussion and anticipation. Elijah, uncertain how the General Superintendent would view his proceeding, hid away the bills he had left, but Mr. Booth found one in the writing desk and asked him its meaning. Hearing the explanation, he remarked, to Elijah's relief, 'No wonder Whitby is boiling with such bills about.' The title that was to be acknowledged throughout the world, and the recognition of

William Booth's organized forces as an Army of religion, were thus first publicly used in the small English town of Whitby, and little considered by the great leader.

The General, however, did not object to the name. It was not far, in terms, from the 'General Superintendent' to 'General,' and he had been accustomed to hear the abbreviation. The Christian Mission was shortly to quadruple its membership. It was ripe for change. In the preceding July at the semi-annual Conference of Evangelists, Mr. Booth in his presidential address had outlined and emphasised the necessity for alteration, pointing out that in Christian experience men change and advance, and any mission is lost that does not adapt itself to their progress. He stood to lead the Mission to its enlarged opportunities while keeping its first simplicity and object. His desire was to have the Christian Mission loosed from all purely traditional usages and maxims, and his evangelists rid themselves of any idea that they should do a thing because Churches, Chapels, or Missions did it, and the Christian Mission had done it in the past. He wished the people to be taught to join in every portion of the services and themselves to be preachers, teachers, singers, and soul-fishers. Religion must enter into every act and work of a convert's and professing Missioner's life, and the service of Christ be the chief business of his existence.

The Salvation Army, its General, its first Officers, and its peculiar characteristics, were thus all actually in being and organized action, but it was

not till 1878 that they were officially recorded. The positive change of name occurred after the Conference. Bramwell Booth and George Railton were with the General in his bedroom, where it was his wont to work very early in the morning. The General had dictated a magazine article. He had used the words, '*We* are a volunteer Army.' The General's son interrupted—'Volunteer! I'm no volunteer. I'm a regular or nothing.' His father stopped in his stride to and fro, took Railton's pen, deleted the word 'volunteer' and wrote 'Salvation.' It is to be noted that he had written and spoken of their 'Army of Salvation' long before. 'Salvation' was a word always on the tongues of the Mission preachers.

Elijah at Whitby rented the Congress Hall, the first Congress Hall in The Army. The Meetings there were notable for their large congregations and a great revival. A Thomas Estill, a young jet-worker in the town, was converted. Said Elijah, 'He had a good voice and a good testimony. I called him "the rising sun," little dreaming he was to be The Salvation Army Commissioner in Japan, the "Land of the rising sun."'

At this time Mrs. Cadman suffered a dangerous illness. Elijah did most of the night-watching in addition to his ordinary duties. During five months he was hardly able to obtain three hours consecutive rest in each twenty-four. The doctor was of the opinion that the quiet, valiant, practical little woman could never again be strong and well. Elijah felt that his life would be a battle too hard if his 'continual comrade' were taken from him. He

asked a 'godly, humble man' to join in prayer with him at a certain hour each day, and pray to God to heal His loving, gentle servant. In six weeks Mrs. Cadman was once more at her post of duty.

Therefore Elijah's testimony at the Conference was one great, simple burst of praise to the Lord for His Divine Power. God, said Cadman, had prevented weakness or weariness, and he gave glory to Christ that he had never been tempted to think or feel God had failed, or would fail him, and that in the greatest extremity of pain his darling wife had not uttered a questioning or murmuring word against her agony of physical trial.

Of Whitby's 20,000 inhabitants, 3,000 attended regularly The Salvation Army Meetings in the Congress Hall each Sunday. In the same building on week-nights 1,500 were usually present. Rich and poor met at the penitent-form, and hundreds humbled themselves publicly before Jesus Christ the Saviour.

Elijah's addresses had sensational titles. The Pope died. Cadman promptly advertised he would 'preach the Pope's Funeral Sermon.' Many thousands thronged to hear him. The little man's text was 'He went to his own place,' and the sermon, leaving the Pope, concentrated on 'Where is *Your* place in Eternity? Where will *You* go?' Scores of drunkards were saved, but the town was in a turmoil. Its narrow streets were blocked with people when The Army processions made their way to the Hall.

There were comic interludes, sometimes. One happened when that grave and responsible Secre-

tary, Bramwell Booth, was on his visit of inspection. Whitby lies in a hollow, and the streets are steep. Marching down one hilly road, four abreast, The Army met a milkman, his donkey carrying a churn of milk on either side. The donkey disliked The Army songs and galloped down the hill, kicking hard, the milk spilling in every direction. The carefully-suppressed boy rose to the surface in Secretary Bramwell, and he burst into roars of uncontrollable laughter. Elijah was interviewed by the irate milkman concerning the milk's cost.

Recounting to the Conference the tale of the miracles worked by the Spirit of God, Elijah cried, 'God bless all the Captains of The Salvation Army. I would like to wear a suit of clothes that would let everybody know I was for God and the Salvation of the world.' The Conference hall rang with responses of 'Yes!' 'Amen!' 'Hallelujah.' At Whitby the fishers called Cadman 'Captain,' and he was the first Salvationist to take the title.

The suit of clothes materialized rapidly though piecemeal—it is no long step from an Army and a General to a uniform. The oft repeated demand of the General for a people bearing witness by their clothing to their renunciation of worldly vanities had long been obeyed by Converts. Feathers, flowers, pipes, tobacco and snuff boxes had been laid upon the penitent-form. Mention was made in the 'magazine' of 'the joyous sight presented in evangelists' houses by the decorations on the mantelpieces, on and above which are arranged such trophies together with locketts and brooches and other vain snares. Jewellery, however, is

usually sold by its converted owners, the proceeds going into the Mission War Chest.'

Where tailors and dressmakers feared to tread, the intrepid Captain Elijah marched in. With a courage he himself did not perceive, he had already sent to Mrs. Booth the pattern of a ladies' jacket that he deemed the acme of modesty and suitability for women preachers. His memory of it was vague, but the details undoubtedly picture a straight, shapeless, enveloping garment entirely unornamented and with military fastenings scheduled as 'strong hooks or sensible buttons.'

Mrs. Booth and her daughters created the plain, navy serge skirt and jacket, and the famous Hallelujah bonnet. The latter's 'coal-scuttle' shape and sturdy fabric attempted some protection from the mob violence to which the first Army sisters were often exposed.

Captain Cadman welcomed and wore the scarlet jersey or guernsey for men. It was decent, easy, warm, durable, and inexpensive, and it came to bear across the front a crest of mingled scarlet, yellow, and blue, the 'red for the Blood, the blue for Purity, and the yellow for the Fire of the Holy Spirit.' At first the men wore a variety of semi-military caps and helmets. Elijah adorned himself with a large and high specimen of the helmet.

The Salvation Army uniform was never very cheap. Considerable thrift and self-sacrifice were needed to obtain it, for the material was good and lasting in wear. Neatness, cleanliness, economy of money, time, and thought, as well as a mark of

separation from the world of fashion, were the ends achieved by the uniform.

Affairs marched forward rapidly. Without pang or apology the 'Christian Mission Magazine' gladly gave up its demure monthly ghost. Saying curtly, 'The soul-success of the Christian Mission has been sufficient to overrun our subdued manner and name,' it gave a Salvation Army shout of 'Hallelujah' and departed after having borne for a year the name 'The Salvationist,' instantly to reappear as the stentorian, sensational weekly 'War Cry.' Each set of its pages had to receive the General's imprimatur. It was printed on whitey-brown paper by ancient machines with secondhand type and poor ink. It was a success from the first number. No 'latest betting' or 'horrid murder' was bought more eagerly than this all-alive exponent of the Gospel and news of conversions and lives of the illiterate and obscure.

Naturally Captain Cadman became one of its popular contributors. His 'peculiar style,' though discreetly pruned of the more particular peculiarities, would have survived greater lopping and still have been recognizable. Each advance in the series of advances and changes in this growth of The Army had his emphatic approval and whole-hearted co-operation. In fact, The Salvation Army was not now marching forward: it was leaping across every obstacle throughout the country, and penetrating everywhere into the lives of the workers.

The devotion of Elijah was repeated in hundreds of Converts. They had been lifted from despair and wickedness, and the portals of Heaven opened

to them. Instead of the workhouse, they anticipated a crown of glory in a Home of Joy. For darkness they had a *light* which suffused every act and ennobled virtuous poverty with the smile of God. None was lonely. The Army was a huge family of brothers and sisters, treated equally, and expected to behave as obedient children of God—serving honourable parents. There was no looking back. The black past of Converts was gone, was ‘under the Blood,’ the present was here to be seized and improved, and the future was bright with certain reward. There was no death; passing from the body, to the saved, was the Gate of Life for evermore. Singing most joyfully, they escorted their dead comrades with martial honours, rejoicing in souls set free to see and adore the Saviour’s face. Casting away the caption ‘Our Crowned Heads’ of the ‘Magazine’ obituary, ‘The War Cry’ blazed out weekly in huge type, its magnificent, challenging, ‘Promoted to Glory.’ The Salvation Army does not only teach that Christ conquered death, it believes He still does conquer death.

Could people so transformed and inspired be kept from going to extremities of endeavour? The basis of Salvationism is ‘Others First.’ The measure of self-immolation by which The Salvation Army obtained its visible hold upon the people may be gauged by the fact that the General, steady and calm though all about him rocked with the great waves of supernatural blessing, had to issue the famous ‘General Order Against Starvation.’ This Order stated that no motive, though deemed of the highest spiritual value, must be allowed, by neglect-

ing ordinary means, to imperil a single human life. No Officer of The Army must deprive himself of food, clothing, or fire, but must give immediate notice of his needs in one or all of these necessities to Headquarters, under pain of severe reprimand.

'Very sensible, too,' was Elijah's comment. 'Officers ready to go all lengths for God's Kingdom shouldn't obey the Devil's advice to make themselves weak or ill, any more than they should pamper and study their bodies before feeding and caring for others and their own souls.'

CHAPTER VIII

CONFLICT WITH THE POLICE

LEAVING an established force at Whitby, Captain Cadman was given a new Command. He wrote to 'The War Cry':

'The question may be asked, "Where is Elijah now?" Thank God, I'm here among the dead and living of Leeds, leading forth to victory the Twenty-First Corps of The Salvation Army, which is attacking and routing the enemy on all sides. Many souls have been saved night after night in The Salvation Army Hall, but a city like this ought to have at least four Salvation Army Halls on the go every night.

'On October 6th we opened another Hall in the West End which we called the "Hallelujah Lighthouse," because it is in the midst of a dense, neglected population and will send out tidings of our Lord's redemption for each and all. Early in the morning the Salvation troops fell in from all parts of the city for a day's hard fighting. After a long march we arrived on the spot at 6.45, and found the people waiting for us. Held our first Meeting. Mighty baptism of the Holy Spirit. Glory to God!

'At 9.30 a.m. our forces increased, formed into line, and marched through many principal streets,

causing interest and following crowds. Having collected our congregation, returned to "Lighthouse," and God again made His power manifest in saving souls.

' 1.30. Meeting in Open-Air. 2.30. Meeting inside. Blessed time. 5.30. Meeting. Powerful attack on Devil's kingdom, throwing into his camp the hottest truths we could. Some came to laugh, and remained to weep ; others wondered what it all meant. Crowds thronged about us on the march. At intervals we halted and Soldiers told their experience of God. Urged the people to flee from the wrath to come by seeking Christ's forgiveness.

' 6.30. Lighthouse. It holds 900. Packed, and crowd at the door.

' Great attention from the people who entered heartily into our singing. Many brethren and sisters appealed to them to follow Jesus. " Ten souls for the first day's Campaign. GLORY ! GLORY ! HALLELUJAH ! " '

There had been a ' nice, respectable Christian Mission ' in Leeds, when Captain Elijah took charge, and all the infidels for miles around—infidel propaganda was strong—sat up and took notice of and action against what a newspaper called, ' this outrageous man and his ridiculous Salvation Army of fools.' On Sunday the agnostics held a meeting in the market place. So did Captain Cadman and disputed with them, putting forward what he declared ' practical samples that there is a God who lives and a Christ who saves.' These ' samples ' were converted prize-fighters, drunkards, burglars, etc. The Salvationists were covered in

red and yellow ochre, flour, bad eggs, slaughter-house offal, and sewage. The work grew and the miracles of conversion continued.

The General and Mrs. Booth travelled to Leeds. There was an address to the Soldiers and a solemn dedication and presentation of the Colours to the new Corps.

Among the Converts was a newspaper seller who announced his happiness in the streets by calling, 'Hallelujah! I'm saved, Thank God! "Leeds Express"!'. Another was a man who, his friends vowed, had not been really sober for five years. He was a bachelor living with his old parents. When infuriated by drink he beat them, often turning them out of the house. Directly he was converted he ran home to tell them and kiss his mother, begging their forgiveness with tears. An infidel ventured into the Hall to make sport, 'but God took hold of him, convicted him of sin, and saved him.' He was set to work at once to catch other infidels. The infidel headquarters afterwards became The Army Headquarters.

A woman was asked by a man of whom she was buying coal if she had seen the queer goings on at the 'Lighthouse.' She replied she had been there and had got saved; that her husband was saved, too; and that the coal-dealer ought to be saved and happy, and she knelt to pray for him in the shop.

A beautiful, fashionably-dressed girl found Christ's Salvation. She turned from the pleasant, profitable way of life and became 'a red-hot saint.' Her earnestness and persistence in seeking souls earned her the title of 'Hot Millner.' Becoming an

Officer, she afterwards went with her husband to 'open fire' for The Army in Australia.

Nightly there were souls. 'Brother Allen's funeral resulted in fourteen souls being saved.' On a Friday the Captain and his Soldiers held an All-Night of Prayer. 'At one o'clock in the morning the Holy Spirit came upon us, and suddenly thirty fell down and cried out to God for the Blessing of a Clean Heart. Some lay as though they were dead for a time. Oh, may God give us more and more of His Sanctifying Power, the complete armour for the people of The Salvation Army.'

Some who had not advanced from the Christian Mission methods wrote to the General complaining of Elijah's aggressive method. They objected to his advertisements, the bills he distributed, setting forth that at The Army Hall there would be 'A Day of Pentecost,' or 'A Baptism of Fire.' The General answered, 'Let Cadman alone; what he does, succeeds.'

To the great benefit of The Army's restricted finance, Elijah instituted a collection at every Meeting on weekdays. Hitherto collections had been made on Sundays only. Said he, 'Let the people give when and how they can, and let those who come only to the Open-Air Meetings have a chance to help.'

Then, 'Cadman, go to Coventry,' said the General, and Elijah returned to his birthplace.

A foundation of useful work had been laid in the town for The Army by women evangelists of the Christian Mission. Elijah, after inquiring into the number and spiritual state of the Converts, found

them good Soldiers. He next declared the time had arrived for 'a terrific attack on the Devil and his works, and a glorious victory for the King of kings and poor sin-bound souls.' Again he advertised, marched, and talked.

The Army Hall was crowded nightly; the Open-Air prayer gatherings were surrounded by thousands of listeners; the list of conversions was ever longer. There was practically no opposition to The Army proceedings.

Elijah was perplexed. Seeking the cause in himself or others, he brought his Soldiers to constant prayer and self-examination, saying, 'If the Devil's tail isn't pulled he doesn't howl; if his business isn't being disturbed he won't worry Christians. We are not doing *enough* against him,' he concluded. The daily prayer was for 'real warfare, Lord, for Thy Kingdom's increase and a blessing too big for Coventry to hold.'

Suddenly, without a single warning, a storm of opposition rose and broke in a whirlwind of clamour and confusion. Dislike and annoyance were manifested boldly. Disgust and resentment were expressed 'that a sweep should draw to The Salvation Army a great part of the population. A "Captain" indeed! Every one knew he was nothing but a common ruffian and should be suppressed.' The Meetings were interspersed with gibes and taunting questions. Elijah was heckled every time he appeared. 'Who made you a preacher? You are a sweep. We know you. You have not been trained or been to college. What right have you to preach to us?'

‘ Same right as Peter and the rest of the disciples,’ retorted the little man in the red jersey. ‘ The fishermen didn’t get training or college. God never promised to send ’em to the university. But He gave them souls for their preaching. It ain’t cleverness and college alone makes soul-winners for Christ Jesus the Lord. It’s God.’

‘ Then,’ said Elijah, ‘ they began on my family and lowness in the world.’

Quietly he listened whilst before the assemblages his poor antecedents and immediate ancestry were dragged forth and described, often with bitterness, sometimes with cruel, witty scorn. When the revilers stopped for want of breath or more disgracing facts, he would answer :

‘ Well, friends, every family, high or low, born into this world, is born in sin. A sinner and a very poor boy I was born, and great poverty and stress of circumstances was my lot. A sinner saved and a poor, uneducated man I am. But, glory to God, I’m a millionaire doctor of spiritual learning when God brings souls to Himself in the new birth, and Christ saves them through my unlettered talking. I give God the glory. Hallelujah ! Praise to the Lamb who is manifested to the world in His forgiveness of sins.’

‘ It’s only fair and due to them to say,’ added Elijah, forty-odd years after, ‘ they generally quieted down for a bit and hearkened, for their soul’s sake, to the truth, even though it spoke by me.’

The feeling against The Salvation Army and its Officers drawn from the democracy refused to

'slow down.' The town council fell into a debate on The Army, and a councillor advised that it be closed in Coventry. Another negatived the proposal, pointing out that The Army had 'done a great deal of good in the town and deserves protection from mob law.' This incensed the publicans and brewers, who discovered a decrease in trade through conversions. An opposition army was enlisted to play and shout beside The Army in the open-air and follow the marches. The Army hymns were imitated in ribald verses, and the thoroughfares were perambulated by the adherents of alcohol till a late hour.

Peaceable Coventry was alarmed, fearing riots. A report had appeared in the public press on The Salvation Army in that town. One of the features of the work was the 9 a.m. Meeting on Sunday at Pool Meadow. Thousands of people assembled, many were converted there, and a service of 'Salvation pickets' moved unobtrusively in the audience, watching for 'wounded and convicted souls,' and bringing them to the Hall, an old factory that held about 900 persons. The police on duty 'wanted' a man who came out to the penitent-form one Sunday morning, and asked, 'How long will he be kneeling there?' 'Till he gets saved,' was the reply. Following his conversion, Elijah, after welcoming the prodigal into the great Army family, informed him the officers of the law awaited him, cheered him with the promise of brotherhood renewed when the term of imprisonment had been served, gave a little spiritual advice and saw him 'off' in custody.

An advertisement that Cadman would 'Shoot the Devil at Pool Meadow next Sunday,' brought a man with a gun who met the Captain on the road and told him he was 'coming along to have a shot.' Whilst Elijah 'was sharp shooting at sin' in the Meeting, bang! bang! went the gun in the distance. 'Every truth you declare is a shot for Jesus into the Devil,' said the preacher to the congregation.

Breaches of the peace were anticipated by authority, and the Captain had to marshal his Soldiers for defence in processions, the women in the centre, the men ahead and behind, four abreast, with linked arms. If trouble appeared in one direction the order 'Right about face' was given, and the procession turned another way. An organized onslaught at Pool Meadow failed because The Army took the opposite route. It was at this time that Elijah mentioned that 'the Converts come to the penitent-form like peacocks and go away like crows.' He kept scissors ready for them to cut out their own feathers, flowers, and adornments.

Persistent representation and opposition caused the town police to issue an order prohibiting singing in the streets. Elijah was stirred. 'What, shall the Devil have his way and stop the praises of God in the mouths of those He has plucked from the burning?' He continued to sing in Open-Air Meetings, was warned, summoned, and sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment.

With two other prisoners, he awaited escort to Warwick Jail. A turbulent mob also waited—outside the Court House. 'See, now, there's this to

deal with, and this time you can't blame me for it,' observed Elijah to the Inspector.

'And I'm sorry it's come to this pass with you, Captain Cadman,' said the kindly officer.

'Don't you be sorry for me, Sir,' consoled the prisoner, in his turn. 'Think what a rest it'll be for me, and how I shall go it when I come out.'

The escort bundled him into the yard and into a cab. The crowd saw the vehicle turning out of the side gate and rushed to it. A converted burglar ran beside, shouting, 'Keep your pecker up, Cap'n. You'll soon do that bit.' Elijah pulled down the window, waved his cap, and shouted, 'Off to Warwick Jail for a holiday. Get saved, all of you, and praise God.'

He was convoyed through the people gathered at the railway-station to the waiting-room. There two officials came and told him, 'Mr. Cadman, you are liberated.'

'Praise God,' said he, and went out to the mob, who received him with more shouting. 'Fall in. March!' he bawled, and the hundreds swept back with him to The Army Hall. He immediately held a 'poor, poor Meeting for them, a sort of Babel, and only a few souls were saved at it.'

The following Sunday he appointed 'Scouts,' sending them out two by two, each one to 'talk Salvation' as they walked along for one and a half miles, when they were relieved by two comrades. Many degraded people were gathered to the Salvationists. 'A BLESSED, SOUL-SAVING DAY,' Elijah wrote it down in capitals in his diary.

On Monday morning a constable called at his

quarters in the little house in the little street. They exchanged amiable greetings. 'Things,' continued the officer, 'are worse than ever. Folk say this new religion by "talking scouts" is worse than the old one of "singing Soldiers." What are you prepared to do in the matter?'

'My view is, Coventry oughtn't to have anybody in it unsaved,' answered Elijah. 'Yesterday there were but twelve "Scouts" out; next Sunday I send seventy.'

Hundreds of souls professed conversion during the ensuing six weeks. The Salvation Army was then given all reasonable freedom of public marching, praying and singing in Coventry.

Anger and commotion began to be the ordinary accompaniments of Salvation Army Campaigns throughout the country. The Churches were aloof or hostile, and the general public disturbed, while the slaves of drink and crime or those gaining by their vices, were moved to extraordinary reprisals. In a single year, 669 Salvationists, including 251 women, were 'brutally assaulted'; 86, including fifteen women, were imprisoned; and 56 of their Halls were attacked and partly destroyed.

No Salvationist defended himself or herself by physical force. Knocked down, kicked, struck, reviled, reported guilty of bestial behaviour, accused of blasphemy and unprintable acts in their Meetings, they took refuge in the reply, 'God bless you,' and in prayer for their assailants. Elijah, who had been so 'handy with the gloves,' and experienced such rough handling that a few of his brother-

Officers hinted he liked persecution, had never raised a finger for himself or Army protection. More than his share of mud, stones, dead rats, and cats found their billets on or around him. He led a march in the slums waving a stick with one hand, and carrying a dead rat by its tail in the other; he had caught the rat as it flew to its aim. Again, not in Coventry, a live cat was thrown at him. 'The live one was worse than all the dead ones; for the live one, poor thing, hung on.'

'People wondered why we carried those dead rats and cats with us. It did seem silly. But, don't you see, if we had left 'em where they fell the mob would have had 'em again, and thrown 'em at us again, and one swat in the eye per one dead rat is enough,' said he.

Early days were bad days for The Salvation Army, but good days for the people of Great Britain and their future. The religion of the despised Army—'We are an Army contemptible in the view of the learned, influential and powerful,' cried its Founder, fifty years ago—was permeating and changing the whole thought of masses of the nation.

From Coventry Elijah was sent to Newcastle. The winter was exceptionally severe; the poverty of the workers wrung his heart. An important part of the daily duty of a Salvation Army Officer is visitation of the poor and sick, helping in any and every way the needs of families and lonely ones.

Captain and Mrs. Cadman shared in the duty, calling at home after home where the people were foodless and fireless. They gave much they could

not spare, and had to start begging. They collected fifty pounds by unceasing tramping and effort. Part was expended in buying food tickets at cheap cocoa rooms. Very early in the mornings Elijah walked the quays, picking up destitute men and feeding them.

Mrs. Cadman did Rescue Work. The name had not then been bestowed, but Army women were busy at the fact. Mrs. Cadman took the Magdalenes into her own house. Scores of her Sister-Officers were doing likewise. There were no other shelters for the outcasts. The Army women also guided and guarded women and girl Converts, instructed the ignorant in thrift, cooking, neatness, and simple domestic hygiene. Forty-odd years before the nation awoke to the need of a Health Ministry and Women and Children's Welfare, The Salvation Army was diligent at the task, at first individually, and then on a vast collective, organized system. Dirty Converts were set to wash themselves. Slatternly women and lazy men tidied up, prayed for work, and worked. Spendthrifts learned to husband their earnings and give God His tenth for the support of the work.

A woman known by an opprobrious title for her personal foulness, rose from the penitent-form a converted soul. She departed straight to her dismal attic, cleansed herself thoroughly, cleared, scrubbed and scoured the room, and with the pence she had a few hours before proposed to spend in drink, bought a piece of white curtain stuff and stretched it across the cleaned window. She was a typical case.

A benevolent lady who supported a Women's Home in Newcastle, observed unseen Mrs. Cadman's efforts and success and assisted her with a gift of £50, offering a Rescue Home if The Army had Officers to work it. A second woman-donor gave £20. These sums stood out like mountains in the united Cadman memory. They were miracles to the couple accustomed to collect and do wonders with half-pence and pennies. Newcastle Salvationists then could not pay their Officers regularly. There were wageless weeks for Elijah when nothing was left after Corps debts were discharged, yet this same Corps at this same period was rescuing hundreds of women (many forced into evil-doing by starvation) and preventing hundreds of others from slipping into the abyss. *How was it done?*

Elijah could not explain. 'It was done, as hundreds now living can prove. The Lord, who fed the thousands from five small loaves and a couple of fishes, did it. We kept no exact account, mother and I, we were too busy from dawn till midnight; but there's the daily entries in my diaries, with the numbers, and Newcastle can't all forget it. Some must remember.'

They do remember. One is a man who, a homeless orphan, aged seven, a match-seller, crept into a Meeting, and when the penitent-form was filling, pulled the Captain's coat. 'Can little boys be saved, too?' 'Yes, my dear. Kneel down here with me,' said Elijah, showing him how to pray and praising God for him when the waif spiritually understood that 'Suffer little children to come unto Me,' was spoken by Ever-living Love and included him.

The child had been sleeping anywhere, in the streets, and dust-boxes. His Angel who beheld the face of the Father had guided his weary, dirty little feet into a safe haven. A Salvation Army husband and wife at that Meeting took him home with them. He was clothed, sent to school, and brought up as one of their own family.

Grown to manhood, hearing Elijah was revisiting Newcastle, he went to the Hall. When he saw again the sturdy little man, the prophet and rescuer of his childhood, he could not contain himself till the Meeting ended, but jumped on the platform, seized the fiery orator in his arms, kissed him, and turning to the astounded people told them the reason. Whereupon a much older man stood up crying, 'God bless Elijah for ever! There's them as says the things he's done is exaggerated, but I was a burglar and well-up in the business, and he never let go of me till he got me to Jesus, who saved me!' 'It's true!' shrilled the woman beside him. 'Nobody has better cause than me to know it is, for I'm the ex-burglar's wife!' (In the last year of Commissioner Cadman's life this man, a Miner's Delegate to the London Council, visited him.)

For once the ready-tongued Elijah was dumb before a wave of personal emotion that swept the audience. 'It seemed as if it was likely to spoil that Meeting,' he said. Reminding his hearers that 'Time is passing. There are orphans and lonely, sad, and sinful ones here to-night who must seek Christ, too,' he brought the congregation back to worship and prayer.

The suffering and poor in his Newcastle Command came to think of The Army as a hope. Elijah held noonday Prayer Meetings with ironworkers, shipyard men, and factory folk. He obtained permission to have Meetings in the men's dining room at Armstrong's, and also in a 'Rabbit Warren'—a fur factory—which last, he said, 'often furred my throat pretty well.'

Newcastle Salvationism was marked in Elijah's memory by certain passages. Before he took charge there had been a tumult in the Hall every night: the 'roughs' ruled. Rumour told them a 'boxer was coming to settle them,' and they expected fights worth fighting. Elijah's first Meeting was 'one long riot.' He quietly surveyed it, pronounced the Benediction, then told them, 'Gentlemen, I shall be pleased to meet you here to-morrow.'

Next day he visited the police, requesting, 'Help me to keep order, indoors and out, while I act according to the law.' The answer was that the police could do nothing because Salvationists would not have offenders punished and refused to charge them. 'I believe in the punishment of sins,' Elijah replied. That night he sent his great voice sounding out above the hubbub, declaring, 'There shall be no more disgraceful rows where there should be worship of God. If a man misbehaves I will have him punished.' Disorder broke forth anew immediately. One man was prominent. He was taken out by the police, charged, and later received a sentence. The result was orderly Meetings. There were hundreds of conversions. These Meetings had to be extended to two theatres, which together



EVANGELIST CADMAN WITH DR. REID MORRISON,
'THE CHRISTIAN MISSION GIANT,' NEWCASTLE, 1879.

had accommodation for a congregation of nearly four thousand. Elijah led one Meeting ; Mrs. Cadman undertook the second.

The prevailing penury left the Captain with a bill for £20, which had to be met by a certain day. For a week he made a special daily prayer. Saturday night came and there was no money. ' But the day is not out yet,' said he. By the last post came a letter bearing a foreign stamp and in it were four £5 English bank notes. A lady, touring on the Continent, had been impressed with the idea that she must send this sum to him.

Cadman had a genius for making Converts and Soldiers. He always gave one or more Converts into the charge of each Soldier, expecting the latter to bring them to the Meetings and shepherd them till they, in their turn, were spiritually sufficient to shepherd others. He inquired in every city or district for the worst men and succeeded in bringing scores of notorieties to Christ.

Though Elijah loved souls and ' roughs,' he was not ' soft.' Two drunken men knelt arguing at the penitent-form. Elijah watched them, took one by the collar and shook him, ordering, ' Get up ; out you go,' and saw both to the stair head, where the second hit him on the mouth. Elijah sent him down the steps, caught him at the foot, and sat on him till a policeman came and took his name and address. Both had been sent by a publican to the penitent-form to win a bet. ' I smell these tricks,' said Captain Cadman, contemptuously.

The first Sergeants of The Army were enrolled at Newcastle and the first Army ' War Chariot '

was used at an Open-Air Meeting there. The bills—Elijah's famous bills—gave out that a

GREAT BATTLE WILL BE FOUGHT ON SAND HILL
WAR CHARIOTS AND TEN MOUNTED GUNS
RED-HOT SHOTS WILL BE FIRED NEAR THE
MARKET HALL

Thousands came to that gathering, and hundreds to the 'banquet' or tea Meeting. Sometimes they were 'hard put to it to satisfy all at the teas.' Once the roughs stole the food, and once a wooden-legged man abused Mrs. Cadman, vowing he had not eaten his money's worth. His wooden leg went suddenly through the floor, and he lay long enough before being helped out to regain his good temper. Occasionally persons stole the money from the collection plates or baskets, and Elijah had to invent a special box. The first drum used in The Salvation Army was brought by the Fry family, and beaten in the Founder's Newcastle Meetings.

Before he left Newcastle Captain Cadman saw much of the industrial distress lessened, and was strengthened in the belief that when people are converted extreme poverty tends to disappear entirely.

'That is a serious statement,' he was told. 'Will you explain it?'

'I will, and stand to it,' he replied. 'Saved persons become industrious. They go about their business in better fashion, serving God by doing it well. Nothing is spent on drink, vice, or bad amusements. Clothes and furniture questions are settled by Salvation principles of simplicity. They haven't got to outshine their neighbours or get into debt

for things they can't afford. Their minds are at peace. They can pin their attention to their work. They wish well to everybody. That gives 'em health. That's the material and weak side of the case.

'The spiritual, strong, real reason is that God's Word is sure, the one sure thing we have, on which we can safely rely. There are His promises. The disciples had nothing, and when Jesus asked them, "Lacked ye anything?" they had nothing to grumble about. All their real needs were supplied. In all my days I've never found a truly-converted, Christ-serving family actually destitute, and I've had some experience. The cure for destitution is the cure for all ills and sin—Jesus Christ's Salvation. If all the world accepted Him and obeyed Him, the world's worst problems, including war, would be settled before next week ended.'

At the beginning of 1880, the Founder-General promoted Captain Cadman to the rank of Major, and gave him command of the Yorkshire Division. Bramwell Booth, Chief of the Staff, sent him a letter: 'My dear Major, glory to Jesus for your good doings! *Go on!* God will shake the earth with His Salvation if we are faithful to Him.'

'My dear Major,' runs an epistle of that date, on two small sheets of scarlet, flimsy paper in the unornamental handwriting of the General, 'Keep the Fire burning. You ought to have a big one by this time. But can you get a great blaze in that small Hall? Can't you get a place put up or something? Can you rent that piece of land you showed me? We are giving that Soldier you recom-

mended a second good trial. Rejoice to hear your wife's health is better. We are going ahead in many places. You will repay some of the money advanced for the furniture of the Quarters ? We are very poor at Headquarters with all this new work upon us. Give the Candidate the form to fill up, and when he sends that in we will communicate with you further respecting him. Your affectionate General, William Booth.'

CHAPTER IX

YORKSHIRE

MAJOR CADMAN was nearly ten years in Yorkshire, and they were all fighting years. Starting with eleven Corps, he opened those at Whittington Moor, Heckmondwike, York, Scarborough, Keighley, Castleford, Shipley, Halifax, and other smaller places. His Assistant-Officer, during a part of the time, was the late Commissioner Rees, an earnest man who expressed his devotion to God in special care for the Field Officers.

Elijah's Headquarters were at Sheffield in a four-roomed house. He had a brass plate on the door setting forth that it was

THE SALVATION ARMY
DIVISIONAL WAR OFFICE
ELIJAH CADMAN, MAJOR

Heckmondwike was the occasion of a 'war bill' on walls and hoardings, entirely to the taste of the 'groundlings.'

BOMBARDMENT AND SHELLING OF HECK-
MONDWIKE

TROOPS WILL ARRIVE ON SATURDAY NIGHT
FIRST BOMBARDMENT ON SUNDAY MORNING
FIRST VOLLEY FIRED AT SOUND OF BUGLE

AT 10 a.m.

Two women-Officers were appointed. There was a Drill Hall capable of holding some three thousand persons. It had an earthen floor, and Elijah furnished it with plank 'seats.' He had made a small platform on wheels, which could be moved out into the centre of the Hall and back to the main platform, so that he 'could get right amongst the audience when talking.' The congregation poured in from the mill towns for miles around. The bugle was sounded and Elijah, the Officers, a converted prize-fighter known as 'Spider,' and another, 'opened fire.' At the Open-Air gathering in the market place there were hooting, jeering, and jostling. Elijah and the chair on which he was standing were made to describe a semi-circle in the air before being brought scoffingly to earth.

'Many souls sought Salvation that day and many nights following.' For a time crowds gathered every Sunday morning at 7 o'clock for Knee-Drill. Then the drink interests stirred up trouble. Certain wild drinkers vowed to kill the little Major. He was attacked in his 'war chariot' (a very ancient wagonette) and tossed out to the crowd. He said he was 'like a tortoise under the many feet,' but the mass was too dense for 'legs to get back to do much kicking.'

Tidings flew to Headquarters and to his home that he had been killed. His daughter Harriet insisted to Mrs. Cadman that it was not possible: 'Not father; he's been killed too many times.' The men held up the train by which he was to leave, but he had gone another way.

By his diaries it is clear that he was ever

organizing, advising, teaching, holding Meetings, and extending the work. His physique withstood the strain, though for a time he succumbed to insomnia. He remembered that 'frequently I used at night to sit with my feet in cold water, thinking it helped me to sleep.' His ingenuity, voice, and faith never failed. His Division spread into Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire. Branch Headquarters were opened at York and Leeds. In the latter city a suitable building in its centre was rented and turned into a second Divisional War Office. It was over a drapery establishment, and its fifteen rooms included one seating 200 people. Above it Cadman hoisted The Army Flag and decorated the windows with admonitions and texts : ' Make Haste and Get Saved ! ' ' Salvation for All ' ; ' The Rich Man lifted up his eyes in Torment.' ' *Now* is the accepted time.'

The ' War Office ' was also a garrison for the notorious ' specials ' loved by Elijah. When such characters were converted he tested them for a time, and discovered if they could give part or all their days to Army service. Selections were brought to the Garrison for training. They ' got free board, and a trifle for clothes.' A very few lost their first love and retreated into shadow. The many were miracles of conversion who drew their unconverted kind with magnetic power to The Army.

' Class draws class. The people understand the people,' was Elijah's theory. The fighting men were strange Converts. ' A brutish drunkard ' had a wife who drank with him. On a day she and another woman fought, the man came out and

The Happy Warrior

stood watching, telling his wife if she lost the fight he 'would cut her in two.' He was attracted by the familiar roughness of The Army, then by the tenderness of Christ, and 'was saved and was a good Soldier of the Lord.' His slum neighbours believed there was a God because He had visibly transformed this man's life and nature. He rose to be a Salvation Army Sergeant. When he lay dying, he cried out in a 'triumphant voice, "There's angels coming for me! I'm happy!"' and thus speaking, departed. He was given at Bradford an Army funeral, his coffin carried by six Salvationists, a multitude following, and a solemn, soul-saving Meeting was held at the graveside. 'He was a Sheffield chap, and was called "Yorky."'

A woman who had 'served the Devil well' was given up by the prison doctors to a death caused by her bad life, and granted freedom. The 'Hallelujah scavengers' at once visited her, brought her to the Hall, and pointed her to Jesus. She fell at His feet repenting, her soul was saved, and her body healed. When she testified of God's power in the streets, those in disorderly houses and drink shops flocked out, listening in awed silence, or whispering, 'That's her! That's her!'

A ragged drunkard entered the Hall and was converted. He went out. The Captain followed to see where he lived and what could be done for him. His wife was watching at the window and weeping. When she beheld her husband approaching she put out the candle. The man knocked at the door, but could get no answer. He shouted through the keyhole, 'Jennie, I'm not drunk to-night.' There was

no reply. 'Jennie, I've got converted at The Army. Let me in. I won't beat you any more.' The door opened. He embraced the bewildered woman, saying, 'God has sent you a husband to-night. I've been a beast. Where is the lad?' The boy, a fine child, was brought in. The man took him in his arms, explaining what had happened. Happiness that was never quenched began in that poor cottage.

One drunken fellow was thrashing his wife. Her screams brought in the neighbours. He would not cease beating her. 'Fetch a policeman,' said some. 'No,' said a bystander, 'fetch The Salvation Army.' A Salvation Army Soldier came, put a kindly hand on the man's shoulder, and spoke softly to him. The angry drunkard was calmed when he saw the scarlet jersey and knew he was not to be arrested. He was induced to kneel, then to pray, then to confess his sins, then to ask Christ's pardon and power, and rose—a sobered, saved creature. His home was soon 'a little heaven.'

'If you have a Drunken Husband or Wife,
Send for The Salvation Army Picket.

It's better than a policeman, and better to get
people saved

Than have them in Jail,'

was a notice distributed widely by Elijah.

At Halifax, during floods thousands attended Army services, the platform being filled with hundreds of recent Converts. At the head of the Salvationist procession at Scarborough one Sunday morning, was a Quakerishly-quiet, tall, young man named Theodore Kitching, now a Commissioner and Editor-in-Chief. He rode a donkey which Elijah

had hired and draped in red. They marched through the town and, 'that ride took all the religious stiffness out of gentleman Kitching,' remarked Elijah, adding, 'I never did believe in religious worship conducted like a sinner's funeral. Many did not know what The Army meant and it had to be advertised.' He introduced himself to the 'Queen of Seaside Resorts' on his 'war charger'—any hired old white or grey horse accustomed to cart work. Usually he was in a 'chariot,' any conveyance that could be begged, borrowed, or hired cheaply.

'Drenching rain all day' did not prevent a 10,000 attendance at a single Sunday's outdoor and indoor Meetings at Bradford, where the Soldiers 'have learnt not only to serve the Lord, but to suffer for Him.'

At Grimsby, Soldier-fishermen and Bandsmen sang, played, and preached in the streets every week-night after their work, formed four brass bands and brought hundreds to hear the Gospel. Two street girls visited a Corps where women-Officers were in charge. They were convicted of sin in the Meeting, but could not believe any women could be so good as the Officers appeared. They spied secretly upon them day and night for two weeks, making every kind of underground inquiries, watching, and peeping into the Quarters at all hours. Daily deepened the conviction of a Power able to *save from sin*. They sought Salvation publicly, were converted, and became saviours of their own unfortunate class.

Elijah often pleaded with his Officers to remain

firm in guarding their influence, and to sacrifice everything in life to maintain a godly impression upon the people. He would say at Officers' Meetings :

' Go to the people's homes, follow them at their play ; be after them in their sins, in the public-houses, anywhere. They are *yours* to win, to guard, to guide in the right path.

' Go where you are needed, not merely where you are wanted. Often I've knocked at a door and known I wasn't wanted. I have introduced myself and been told to go away. I didn't mind rebuffs, and have had successes simply because I stuck to the thing I wanted to get. The Army is after souls. Be bold for souls. You will catch souls.

' Use handbills. Hand them in at the doors, and when you speak to the people, make a contact with them. How are they to be saved if you don't make them hear of Salvation and understand it ? Don't be afraid to advertise. The business man who wisely advertises makes his fortune. You must advertise Christ, the Fortune of souls and soul-winners. Put brains into your bills. For a moderate " Special " Meeting, I would get 2,500 bills, for a good one, 5,000, besides posters and window bills.'

He demonstrated the making of bills in shape, colour, and style. His biggest poster covered the side of a three-story house. In his zeal he had become an expert bill-maker ; local theatres imitated his best efforts.

To the shy and timid Officer he said, ' What brought *you* to Christ, to The Army ? You can go and do *that*. There is always some one like yourself about. Multiply your methods. Use the Word of

God. It is a quick and powerful sword. For your own soul, "The love of Christ constraineth." That's the only Power to give you the love of souls and fighting force to bring them in.'

He held Officers' Meetings during one day, at intervals of some weeks. If special difficulties were apparent, a Half-Night of Prayer followed. The latter were made occasionally for the Soldiers and public. At Hull there was, through such half-nights of supplication, a vast revival. Two thousand individuals participating in an entire night of prayer was a not uncommon spectacle.

At Bradford, during a period of opposition, such a Meeting was assembled in the Prince's Theatre. Hundreds were converted. An orange-seller at Barnsley came into the Market Place, where Major Cadman was speaking, and hit him in the face with a fish. 'Glory be to God. God bless you. He can save you,' he said in his cheerful, conciliatory voice. She was a degraded, drunken, fighting woman, saved soon after, and was to become the renowned 'Special' Meeting speaker, called 'Orange Harriet,' who brought hundreds of souls to seek Christ at Army penitent-forms throughout Yorkshire.

This incessant proclamation of the Gospel by means then common to circuses and third-rate music-halls, naturally produced disgust in orthodox minds. Churches and Society were constantly joined in obstructive antipathy to those Army scenes where agitated criminals and riotous drunkards 'got saved' at ordinary wooden forms, amid explosive prayers and ejaculations by The Army.

Men and women who had formerly expressed their joy in inebriated dances and vile songs, now testified in uncouth speech of happiness and praise to the Saviour, singing and playing brazen instruments as to Him. The least understanding of theologians and philosophers were stung into public assaults on such 'corybantic Christianity.'

Presently the public generally felt itself troubled by The Salvation Army. Scandal took fresh courage. A succession of charges was again launched against General Booth and his followers, and largely credited. The Movement seemed about to be swamped under a flood of infamy. Gangs of men were bribed by publicans and souteneurs to invade the Halls and make confusion. Salvationists were assaulted and threatened; chided by the authorities; disdained by the police. The prevalent verdict was: 'The Salvation Army has deliberately brought these consequences upon itself to the indignation of respectable citizens. Let Salvationists endure them and die by obloquy. It has disgraced the Christian religion.' The General refused to defend himself or The Army. His sole statement was that the future would reveal The Army's integrity, but the present was too precious for argument with those unwilling to be convinced.

This was the hour when the phenomena characterizing the last year of the Christian Mission and the first years of The Salvation Army—phenomena that have never wholly vanished—reappeared in a more extensive and open manner.

The course of the regular Meetings began to be interrupted by Salvationists falling into 'Glory

Fits.' In one of Elijah's Meetings at Bradford 'about a hundred persons were in 'Glory Fits.' Soldiers came up to Officers to say, "I don't believe in this," and while speaking fell under the strange manifestation of the Divine Presence.' The 'Glory Fits' were ecstasies during which the individuals affected were insensible, usually silent, and remained thus for one, or many hours. All ages and both sexes were included in the cases. The prostrations were commoner in Holiness services and nights of prayer. Medical and other means devised to control or restrict the symptoms were useless. The condition was not contagious or always recurrent. Those beside or near a Salvationist experiencing the ecstasy were not similarly moved or sympathetic, and those who had been once in the state were often immune from a repetition. People fell suddenly where they stood or sat, many crying out, as with a last breath, 'Glory to God!' On returning to consciousness, no coherent account was given of what had taken place. A few described their withdrawal from material sense as 'bliss,' 'great happiness,' 'like Paradise,' 'walking into Heaven in a rainbow,' 'joy the body was unable to bear,' and a 'sense of the love and glory of Christ.'

Said Elijah: 'I have seen them lying about all over the platform and Hall, but never once in an unseemly posture. Their bodies were, as a rule, quite stiff. We had our own people carry them out of the Meeting—that was the strict regulation—and take every precaution for them. Men carried men and women carried women. They were placed in different ante-rooms adjoining the Halls, and several

elderly, trusted Soldiers of the same sex left in charge till they recovered. Frequently doctors attended them. None ever became indisposed, ill, or died. It was often the most peaceful and composed of our people who were affected. There were never, in my experience of the "Glory Fits," any warning signs. A Meeting might be "hard," that is, very difficult to pray in and to get others to pray; a lot of sinners making trouble, perhaps, and then, in an instant, the Power of God would descend on us, sinners be hushed into awe, and be overcome by the sense of His Majesty and His Love, through His Son, to us all, and all the world. Sometimes we leaders used to beseech Him to withhold His gift, that the people might not be alarmed, and that those in ignorance of Him might be prevented from sinning by spreading false reports. I have led Meetings where the Holy Spirit was manifest in such power that half the Soldiers present were in "Glory Fits," and I had to cling, nearly helpless, to the platform rail, lifting my heart and crying inwardly all the time to God to shepherd my people. Conversions *always* took place in such Meetings.'

Not only were there prostrations, but numerous cases of physical healing. The saved railway guard and Salvation Army Officer, James Dowdle, with his wife, had almost embarrassing cures occur during their services. One, a lame girl, was healed, and her father, to whom the news was immediately taken by an alarmed spectator, said, 'Walking and cured in The Salvation Army is she? I'll cure her of that blasphemous nonsense,' took his stick and came to thrash her. On seeing his daughter, who

had limped in distortion and pain for years, straight and joyous, her crutches carried by a woman behind her, the stick fell from his hand, and he could do nothing but marvel.

A woman healed in one of Major Cadman's Meetings of a serious malady, sent to another whom she knew had for long been bedridden and given over by the medical men to death from an incurable disease, saying her own healing led her to believe there would be healing by Christ for her acquaintance. No reply was received from the sick one. A visit from the healed woman had no effect. The doomed invalid only answered, 'I cannot yield my will to God as you have done.' A second visit and more fervent prayer brought submission, the sufferer yielded to Christ, was converted, at once sat up in her bed, and was shortly able to walk, thence progressing to complete recovery.

Elijah never laid his hands on the sick, though the saintly Officer, Colonel Pearson, did so. Cures took place when the Meetings were in progress, were often unexpected by the afflicted, and unknown at the time to the Salvationists on the platform and in the congregation. Elijah had an explanation of the experiences.

'The soul in itself has nothing to do with the body. It is wholly superior to the body. When the soul is not the first concern, it can be hindered by the body. The soul of the saved man or woman cannot be controlled by the body. A "Glory Fit" is nothing but a complete conquering of the body by the soul in its reach upward to its Creator and

Redeemer. It is the condescension of Infinite Love in Christ to so uplift it to Himself for a foretaste of joy with Him in Heaven. Doctors often examined the people in this state, but could not explain it. The fact was, I believe, the Soldiers were "absent from the body and present with the Lord." These "Fits" and the bodily cures were nothing to do with any of us. They were manifestations of the power of God. We could not say when, where, or how they would occur, and we certainly did not know how God worked—we only saw them as signs of His Presence. People were more curious and bothered about them, of course. That's the way of the human mind. But conversion is much more of a miracle; *that is the entire change of a nature and its inclination in a moment*, the instantaneous shutting of the door on the power of the Devil and sin, and the opening of blind eyes to the reality of God, His Christ, and Salvation.'

Such occurrences added to the clamour of controversy and anger that was seething about The Army. The 'Glory Fits' and cures were ascribed to Satan, and there were clergymen and ministers, some, no doubt, sincere, who felt it their duty to warn their flocks of danger in these things. No one appears to have thought of using and publishing the test given in Holy Writ whereby 'the spirits may be proved.'

'I was sure it was a manifestation of God,' Elijah said. 'If they'd cursed or sworn in or coming out of the "Fit" or after the cures, or their actions and lives had been bad, I should have known 'twas the Devil at work, and gone for him

tooth and nail. But these people fell down praising God and giving Him glory, and when they came to their bodily senses they did the same, all their words and actions showing humility before Him, and love to Him and His Son, and afterwards there was a great tenderness and gentleness shown towards their neighbours and their enemies.

‘Strange, beautiful things happen when God has His own way with a man or woman. Strange, beautiful things will happen to the world when it submits to Him. The Army has had some odd happenings. In the first days we not infrequently rented as Officers’ Quarters houses that were reputed to be haunted. *The rents were lower.* We knew nothing could withstand the power of the Lord, and we used His Name and prayed the evil—if there was any—out of the places.’

While this spiritual battle engaged The Army a fresh combative complication arose, vital to the people’s welfare and the Empire’s reputation.

The ‘social evil,’ hidden by society, ignored by the Churches, winked at by the law, was dragged into daylight before all the world by the Chief of the Staff, Bramwell Booth. His young wife had been given the duty of organizing Salvation Army Rescue Work. Then was uncovered the White Slave Traffic in British girls and children, for Mrs. Bramwell Booth came upon revelations demanding the intervention of Christian lawgivers in a Christian nation.

Her husband placed these under the incredulous eyes of William T. Stead, editor of ‘The Pall Mall Gazette.’ When convinced, he wrote ‘The Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon,’ and the kingdom

shuddered. The traders in flesh and blood and souls, with their wealthy, titled, powerful customers, moved all the influences at their command to refute The Salvation Army and defy Stead's statements.

A technical breach of the law was committed, however, in proof of the facts, and Bramwell Booth and Mr. Stead were charged with it. Mr. Booth was acquitted; Stead went to prison. It was largely due to this trial that the Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1885 was passed and the girlhood of Great Britain given a measure of legal protection.

So swelled the opposition to The Army. The people, however, gathered to the Salvationists as to a tower of refuge. A future historian will probably note that a revolution was made and a revolution prevented by Bramwell Booth and The Salvation Army. The anger of the people at the callous conspiracy to entice, sell, buy, and cast out their daughters, rose to fever height.

Elijah, then a Colonel, lectured on the world-wide sensation at the 'Icehouse,' Hull. A mass Meeting of fishers, boatmen, workmen, and tradesfolk gathered to hear the actual facts plainly stated by a responsible Officer. Elijah gave these with stolidity and without comment, knowing the feeling among the people. Emotion, in spite of his studied calm, broke out among a section of the audience, knives were brandished, and a demand made that names should be extorted from judges and government, and the evil-doers lynched.

Resentment against The Army was shown with equal bitterness. Colonel Cadman, as the General's representative, felt in all parts of Yorkshire the

harshness of public disapproval. The names of the Founder and Bramwell Booth were roared at him to an accompaniment of oaths, curses, and threats, and the Soldiers maltreated. Elijah had to escape from one Meeting by a ladder. Once more men swore to murder him. General William Booth held on, not much disturbed by the events. He believed Salvation was the remedy and that the sin of immorality was but part of all sin doomed to be destroyed by the Saviour. He went to Hull, marched through the town with Band and Flag without molestation, preached, was heard with quietness, and had a full roll of penitents.

Elijah was unfaltering. 'The Lord gave me faith in Himself and to believe mountains could be moved. What we got in those days was enough to shake and frighten any man that didn't feel he had the Living God on his side. I had been temperance orator, saved sweep, revivalist, and local preacher, and had joy-pay from the Lord in all ; but my peace and joy and content in The Army were such I knew He had put me in my right place, under my right leader.'

The General wrote to him :

'MY DEAR CADMAN,—I cannot refrain from sending you a line this morning to say how deeply I sympathize with you in the cruel attack upon you. I know it to be absolutely false and beg of you not to be troubled about it. God willing, I will answer it in Sheffield and elsewhere myself when the time comes, and the public who now believe it have had time to settle down, and be prepared to hear and understand the truth. We

must possess our souls in patience. When they have done spouting their miserable bits of selfishness, our turn will come and God will speak for us. In all we do we will show another Spirit, the Divine Spirit, that puts before all the infinitely greater considerations connected with the honour of Jesus Christ, the Kingdom of God, and the Salvation of souls.'

'The battle will be fought in Sheffield,' said the General in another letter.

It was. The climax of persecution and rioting in Yorkshire was reached in that town. The Army had opened its campaign in Sheffield in an old wooden building, and from the beginning there had been conflict. Joseph Birkenshaw, later a Colonel in Australia, one of the first Converts, undertook the duty of doorkeeper, and was 'terribly knocked about.' The late Major Fenny was nearly killed. Elijah asked for efficient police protection. The reply was that The Army was a great nuisance. The Army processions were through mobs who flung a hail of stones, bricks, mud, and refuse at them. The General and Mrs. Booth's first march to the Albert Hall terminated in a riot. The Officers and Soldiers arrived at the Hall with smashed Band instruments, bleeding, wounded, and battered, their clothes torn and covered with filth. Elijah refused them permission to wash and had them march straight on the platform while he called the Roll. Two or three were missing, too injured to be present, and the big audience then realized what treatment the city of Sheffield was giving Salvationists.

Indignant letters reached the Home Secretary

and won the response that if the Salvationists broke the law the law would punish them, but not with mob law; they were to be protected. Thenceforward there was peace. Questions were asked in Parliament and investigations commenced. Colonel Cadman announced and organized a Council of War to be led by the General and Mrs. Booth.

Newspapers devoted columns to describing the crowds that assembled, many coming from distant towns. The procession was over a mile in length, took half-an-hour to pass the saluting point, and had some fifty brass and other Salvation Army Bands. It included Salvationists in wagonettes, open carriages, omnibuses, and on horseback. Women played tambourines, others sang 'as if they believed what they were singing.' Band after Band went by, preceded by banners and the Flag. Local Converts were hailed by their old companions. The Market Place and High Street were crowded and shops closed.

'No such procession has ever been seen in Sheffield. The invasion of the "Council of War" has accomplished a great deal. It has removed misconceptions which have been almost general. The Salvation Army now numbers among its Soldiers gentlemen, professional men, and many possessing high attainments. With the wearers of the bonnet are accomplished ladies. The Salvation Army has become a mighty power for good; its people are men and women animated with much of the spirit of the martyrs, and with the heroism that regards difficulty, trial, and suffering as honours,' said one newspaper.

The dawn of The Army's morning had come.

Aspersions still lingered, do yet hover about it, but the thick clouds of calumny were blown away by the result of the Parliamentary inquiry. An Archbishop, a great Judge, John Ruskin, and some members of the aristocracy had before spoken for it. Its services to State and Church began to be mentioned without denial.

It was still very poor. One of Elijah's chief obstacles was lack of money to meet the first necessities of the Officers. In special straits, he organized immense 'tea-meetings' where the Converts were publicly welcomed. These teas he called 'Killing the Fatted Calf; a Rejoicing over Returned Prodigals.' They were real rejoicings and often a thousand persons took tea.

In 1888 Elijah was appointed to the Property Department at Headquarters in London, and travelled the United Kingdom in the interests of that Department, also in 1890 visiting Canada for the purpose of conducting the Annual Territorial Congress.

CHAPTER X

RAISING THE 'DOWN AND OUTS'

IN 1890 Elijah Cadman was apparent in Colonel Cadman, but with extensive alterations. General Booth was a rigid disciplinarian, a great teacher, and in Cadman had a man after his own heart, obedient, faithful, simple, true to the aim of The Army, and with the fire of devotion to God. Elijah's natural shrewdness was controlled, and under the outer surface of impetuosity were now common-sense and long, careful views. Years of heavy Salvationist responsibility, and the sharing of the joy and sorrow of thousands, had left their imprint upon him. He was not only a man who loved his fellow-men, but who led and fathered them.

He was unchanged in humility. He rejoiced in his position, yet remembered he was the man of low degree lifted by Christ to usefulness. Among his brother-Officers he took his rightful place, but admitted and availed himself eagerly of their advantages and talents.

'In Darkest England and the Way Out,' swept the country like a searchlight. The middle classes, who had professed to be 'tired of General Booth' and his efforts, perused his book, closing it to vow something should be done to improve the

conditions of the depressed classes of their countrymen.

William Booth reduced Joseph Chamberlain's estimate of four or five millions of the population of the United Kingdom always in habitual want, by calculating them at three millions. He produced facts and figures of their wretchedness and the injustice with which they were treated. In London alone in one year there were more than 400 cases of attempted suicide, and 200 persons died from starvation. There were in the Metropolis 100,000 paupers, 30,000 unfortunate 'known' women and as many 'unknown'; 33,000 homeless adults, and an army of 35,000 'wandering children'; 50,000 small children went breakfastless to school every morning; 800,000 habitually unemployed men were increased by another 50,000 by passing industrial strife or depression; 12,000 men and women were in prison. The authorities estimated 10,000 new criminals were manufactured in the United Kingdom yearly; there were 70,000 charges yearly for petty offences.

He challenged Christian civilization, expounding the right of every child to be born into goodness, decent upbringing, and honest industry; of the criminal to reform; of outcast women to a path back to virtue; of the workless to work; of the homeless to shelter; of the hungry to food; of the sick to nursing; of the right of the 'Submerged Tenth' to justice and kindness from the other nine-tenths of population.

He outlined a Scheme of Relief and Prevention. This aimed at sufficiency, permanency, and at interfering as little as possible with the interests and

comforts of other classes of the community. It included a City Colony, a Land Colony, and an Oversea Colony.

It was too advanced for many of the famous men of that day who were satisfied, having had no practical experience of its administration, with the cruel deficiencies of the Poor Law. Bitter invective met General William Booth's truthful saying that then, 'the social problem had scarcely been studied at all by scientists or scientifically.'

He asked for a million pounds and £30,000 annually to regenerate socially Great Britain. The cost to London of criminals and police courts alone per annum was £640,000. He obtained, after enormous effort, £100,000. The profits from his book 'In Darkest England and the Way Out' were all given to the work.

The submerged masses were astir at the mere rumour of deliverance. Men of all and no creeds gathered on platforms to speak for the Salvationists' 'Cab-horse Charter,' that is the humane treatment accorded animals applied to men and women. Queen Victoria wished the General success, and Professor Huxley, in 'The Times,' accused him of blackmailing and sweating.

There can be no doubt the Founder of The Army originated the scheme. His son, Bramwell, was chief in organizing and conducting it. The Founder said later: 'There's not any lack of interest in the "Darkest England" scheme. They will even give some money to it. It is "repent, confess to Jesus Christ and give up your sins, humble yourselves, and go down at the penitent-form, leave all,

and serve God," that they boggle at.' He was off soul-catching, while Bramwell 'stayed by the stuff' and issued the first annual report of The Salvation Army's Social Work.

This showed The Army had established eleven Shelters for men; ten Cheap Food Depots; five Workshops for unskilled labourers; three Labour Bureaux; seven Labour Factories; one Prison-Gate Home; one Farm Colony; fourteen Rescue Homes; eight other Women's Institutions; forty Slum Posts. More than two and a half millions of cooked meals had been supplied, such meals costing the purchaser from one farthing to 4d. each; 25,000 meals were given free.

'The year has been largely occupied in building the machinery of the scheme. The sum entrusted to the General has necessitated labour, deliberation, and caution, ever at the expense of seeming loss of time,' reported Mr. Bramwell Booth. He did not mention that The Army, while keeping up its average public service in other ways, was supplying all the extra work the scheme involved without any charge.

Colonel Cadman was promoted to the rank of Commissioner at Christmas, 1890, and ordered to undertake the developing of the new extension as it related to men.

General Booth said, 'I'll see Cadman on his appointment.' In The Army then, and now, the social reclamation of man is considered less than assistance at his spiritual rebirth. Without any official order or hint the Social Work from its beginning became a separate department from the

Spiritual Work. Officers mentioning it used the phrase 'Social Wing of The Army,' denoting that it was only an annexe of the Work proper.

'So,' said Elijah, 'the old General saw me and talked to me about it. He knew that I knew something of the people's misery, nearly as deep, perhaps, as he did himself. He said : " Now, Cadman, I hope you don't think this is a ' drop ' for you ? " I said, " No, General, I don't ; I accept it joyfully." '

' After he'd talked I saw that the Social Work was to be Poverty's Harbour of Refuge. Somebody had to undertake the work for poor bodies, and why not me ? God had given me lots of souls, and I knew the General's wisdom. I knew, too, the dirt, disease, vermin, and miserable conditions I was to deal with. When my appointment was announced, Officers and Soldiers asked me, " Why have they put you into this ? " '

' However, there I was, submerged, and at it I went. The Chief of the Staff—now the General—was behind me because he had got the thing into shape. The destitute flocked to us. We went out on the Embankment and bridges, in lanes and courts, at night regularly, and told the scores and hundreds of poor, half-alive bodies we found what we had for them. Our Shelters gave bread, cocoa, or soup, and a bunk to sleep in ; but what about the other thousands, the men that fell exhausted and fainting ? We had a few die of heart-failure from privation actually with the soup-basin in their hands.

' Yes, that's how it was. The General's Scheme had to grow bigger, though no £1,000,000, and no annual £30,000 did he ever get ; no, *not even a*

second £100,000! God helped us marvellously; glory to His name! Yet we had to be pinching, inventing, wasting time, contriving, because of the hardness of those who could and should have helped and didn't. Only the Lord Himself knows the strength He gave The Army and the work we all had to put in to make ends meet. We seemed at times to have the entire "Submerged Tenth" on our hands at once.

'The match, bread, and paper-sorting factories, workshops, all the machinery of the City and Land Colonies, and the Prison-Gate Home had to be working all the time for them.

'Men, women, little children, lonelies, families—the stories and scenes were awful. If only the Government, the rich and comfortably-off people could have seen, I'm sure they would have been stirred to practical, useful sympathy. After all, gold cankers health, heart and soul if it isn't shared with the needy. Awful times, those were!

'I got out big red, white, and blue posters, and we had them pasted up in the hidden haunts as well as the public thoroughfares. The poster said:

NO HOMELESS OR DESTITUTE MAN WHO IS
WILLING TO WORK NEED BEG, STEAL,
STARVE, SLEEP OUT AT NIGHT, BE A
PAUPER, OR COMMIT SUICIDE.

Apply at any time at the City Colony Headquarters,
21-22 Whitechapel Road, E. ("Darkest England"
Scheme.)

'The Founder was correct when he said nine-tenths of The Army's Social Work had to be done

to offset the results of the United Kingdom's annual drink bill of £130,000,000. But some sober, industrious, unfortunate men came to the Colony begging admission. Most of our labour was truly unskilled. Our Labour Bureaux reports were the most pitiful because the applicants were nearly all sober, good, educated, unfortunate clerks, short-hand writers, shopmen, etc. The Land Colony soon took only selected men sifted from the City Colony. Our factories took the poorest fellows, the chaps that if they had had tools, clothes, health, and energy, hadn't been to prison, and could have kept from drink, would have had work. Early in 1891 The Army sheltered from 4,000 to 5,000 homeless men *nightly*, and supplied from 10,000 to 12,000 meals *daily*.

' When I joined The Army it had twenty-six evangelists or Officers in this one country of England. In 1898 The Army had 14,000 Officers and 33,800 Local Officers. It was at work on its original lines in forty-seven countries and colonies. It had 6,350 Corps, and a " War Cry " and other Army newspaper circulation of 30,000,000 yearly. *And—473 Social Work Institutions.* What had God wrought ! To Him be all the praise and glory !

' In Trafalgar Square at night we used to find scores of people lying on the flagstones on newspapers. The Thames Embankment and some of the bridges were the same. Our Blackfriars Shelter alone came to *hold nightly a thousand homeless, famished men.*

' For food there was a penny charge. For the penniless there was a small task that could be done

in twenty or thirty minutes. If they could pay twopence there was a seaweed-stuffed mattress and pillow in a bunk with a leather covering. There were fumigators to disinfect their clothes, and abundance of hot water and drying facilities for them to wash their bodies and shirts.

'Most of the men were filthy. How could they be otherwise? They wouldn't go to the Casual Wards because there treatment and officials were harsh, and the wards of those days as filthy as their occupants. At the wards, too, a poor chap, perhaps full of cold and bronchitis, had to strip in a stone-cold room, take a bath none too warm, then break stones next morning to pay for his bed and skilly, and so leave too late to do anything but tramp to the next workhouse.

'A shocking, blind system. Our Poor Law is an abominably poor law. Although Relieving Officers might give stimulants, even brandy and gin, they might not give fuel with which to cook the food supplied by law, and there were all kinds of other harmful absurdities.

'The Salvation Army got it in the eye and in the neck for sheltering and helping the helpless! Each morning we were prepared to meet some fresh attack, abuse, or pottering, petty, hampering, impossible demand from authorities or critics. The police were down on The Army because it took in anybody—even homeless, starving criminals. Housing committees that didn't seem to do much except pull down old houses and build new ones too expensive for the wretched evicted to rent, *they* were keen on squashing us. Health committees accused

The Army of spreading every disease. "Let the homeless sleep out and freeze, and the starving die off," seemed the official idea.

'I knew something about both sides, and I could guarantee there was less disease among the people who slept in The Army Shelters than there was amongst those in the Slums and Casual Wards under the authorities' supervision. One Sanitary Inspector did admit the Shelter rooms were cleaner than his servants' rooms in his own house. We scrubbed every dormitory and passage with disinfectants daily. Acres and acres of scrubbing done for the love of God by our own dear Officers and some of the rescued, saved submerged. Go and ask old Major Macgregor; he knows all about it; *he was one of 'em*. Now he's had thirty years helping to lift the submerged. The one little item of disinfectants cost The Army upwards of £500 a year, but the sanitary specialists did not mean to be satisfied!

'One great man thought it terrible there should be such Shelters. He sent men with magnifying glasses to see what there was in Blackfriars Shelter after a thousand men had slept in it, and before we began cleaning. They found in the whole building sixty vermin; and those were practically all in one place. The great man was satisfied. Anyhow after that proof he gave £1,500 to make Blackfriars Shelter bigger still.

'The Army treated the submerged as men. A man's poverty is very inconvenient to him and, perhaps, a little to other people, but it is not his crime. We were asked why we didn't take their

names and addresses. The Army said, "Well, that would be a big job, and we are very short of workers. When hotel-keepers set the example of inquiring all about their visitors it will be time for The Salvation Army to do so. All The Salvation Army knows or wants to know is that these men are shelterless and down. The Army is determined, set like a rock, that they shall have shelter, and, if at all possible, food, and a chance to become decent citizens." But it *was* a fight to be allowed to fight for the men.

'We had to open thirty departments or branches for waste-paper collection and sorting, wood-chopping, tinware-making, plumbing, carpentry, and so forth. Some men became permanent employees and helpers of others. *Of the 225 Officers and helpers, 180 had risen from among the submerged.*

'Oh, the things I had to set my head to learning! The books that had to be kept! The watchfulness and care about everything! The picking up and starting again of the men that fell out at first but made good at the last! Where I should have been but for Mr. Bramwell Booth, who seemed to know everything and the way out to everywhere, and the loyal, hard-working Officers with me, I don't know! In Heaven, taking a long breath of rest, most likely. The old General had everything that was doing brought up before him at odd, unforeseen seasons, financial statements and all; and what a roasting there was for some of us if it was not exact and in order!

'There was a Boys' Shelter, too, where we "trapped" a lot of runaways and restored them to their parents or guardians, or, if these were

unsatisfactory, provided for the lads to be brought up, helped to trades, and made good, honest men.

' The Land Colony alone was a decent fistful to manage. The agricultural sections did well, and so did the first, most necessary "section"—the Colonists. There were many astonishing successes. The positions some of the men afterwards climbed to were an amazement. The brick-making did well; the poultry farm was always a prize-winner, but never paid.

' Yes, that £100,000 was used frugally and excellent results got from it. Thousands upon thousands helped permanently or tided over serious want by it, and the capital still there to-day. *All it brought is in being, land, buildings, machinery, for anybody to see.* But great improvements and extensions have been made since my time.

' The people helped haven't all belonged to the masses, though just as submerged through drink and sin. We've had the sons and relations of some of the highest in the land, as well as an ex-mayor, an ex-sheriff of a great town, an ex-civil commissioner, ex-K.C., ex-clergymen, writers, artists, etc. The authorities that were prejudiced against the Work have turned to it for help in their official difficulties and sent their living problems to it.

' Besides, the Men's Social Work is but half the Social Work. Think what Mrs. Bramwell Booth was doing. She laid the foundations of The Salvation Army's world effort to improve the status of womanhood by rescuing the earth's lapsed women and girls. She had, during the first year of the organizing of the "Darkest England" Scheme

fourteen Rescue Homes, one Lodging House, two Factories, one Laundry, one Shelter, one Food Dépôt, one Metropole, one Servants' Registry, and one Help and Inquiry Department. Now, there is hardly a country where The Army works without Women's Homes. The door of return to virtue is never closed, the light never quenched, the welcome never absent.

'Even in death the lonely are with us. Near Mrs. Booth's and the Founder's graves are graves of many that had no friend but The Army. Any poor sinner saved by the Lord is truly one of the great Salvation Army family, and all the worst sinners that don't belong anywhere else are in our "parish" by right of being outcast and alone. All the dodges the poor parents of a huge family have to use at times we had to use. When the Shelters could hold no more bunks, we had the "sit-up" idea and we were able to let men in and give them—not beds, we couldn't manage any more—but seats in a warm room and rests for their elbows. Anyhow, they were out of the weather and could doze. I invented the first Shelter cremator where the ragged clothes could be cleansed without injury except to their unwelcome tenants.

'I was very disturbed because the Chief of the Staff could not give the contract for The Army Grace-before-meat Boxes to our submerged's tin-ware factory. The Chief told me the firm supplying them had a patent to prevent the box being tampered with. I said no more, but experimented with a box and found it *could* be tampered with. Then I prayed about the matter. One morning, between

Hackney station and Whitechapel Headquarters, "a patent" idea came to me. This I explained to our head man at the factory, and he made a box like my idea. I put fourpence in the box and told Commissioner Lamb, who was my Chief Secretary at that time, he should have half a sovereign if he could get any of the coppers or all out without breaking the box. Lamb's a good Scotsman; he tried his best. He didn't get that half-sovereign, but the box went to the Chief of the Staff and our submerged got the contract.

'Yes, I was happy in the Social Work, very happy. I'm happy anywhere because God is everywhere. How could I be unhappy seeing poor men helped and The Army hand stretched out ready for them to grip it? Don't think The Army's First Aim was ever lost sight of for a moment, because there was all that machinery set up to help the body. There never was and never is, a night without a short Meeting. Never a Sunday without a Service; never a moment when any Officer isn't ready to stop his scrubbing, disinfecting, cooking, figuring, writing, and help a soul to Christ.

'God gave me the joy of winning hundreds upon hundreds of souls in the Social Work. What a beautiful sight to see poor men being comforted by the Poor Man, who lived poor, and died a criminal's death for poor, criminal, and rich! Yes, yes; God gave me my hire of souls again. May we all meet in Heaven. To Him all the glory, for it is He alone saves and makes anew.'

In July, 1900, nearly ten years after his appointment to the 'Darkest England' Scheme, at Meetings

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at Clapton Congress Hall, lasting three days and attended by thousands of people, Commissioner Cadman, obeying orders, bade farewell to the Social Work.

He rendered some account of his stewardship to the public, mentioning first that all had been done by the help of God, and through His love to mankind, and that he had worked under the direction of the General and Mr. Bramwell Booth with the aid of a devoted Staff.

'29,574,535 cheap Meals have been supplied ; 12,498,004 Men had been sheltered and helped ; 13,750 Men have professed Conversion.'

Here Elijah stopped. Earnestly he accounted for the small number of Converts. It was hard, he said, for such men to come out and confess Christ publicly, their hard circumstances hardened their feelings, and they feared their comrades in misery would accuse them of trying to buy extra attention by a religious profession. But it was impossible that the loving Spirit of the Father had not softened many more hearts and saved many more souls in the Shelters than were on The Salvation Army register.

'4,783 ex-prisoners have passed through the Prison-Gate Home ; 25,727 men have been helped by means of the Workshops. Many men have been taken from the workhouses and have worked honourably. A famous authority on sociology has been surprised to see how energetically some "lazy workhouse loafers" acquitted themselves on the Land Colony. Even murderers, whose death sentences had been commuted and who had served long periods

of imprisonment, have, for good reasons, been handed over to The Army's charge.'

The Farewell Meetings were, however, little occupied with the giving of statistics. They were Elijah's Meetings, and speedily merged into the usual Salvation Army Soul-saving Campaign. There were a large number of conversions, and great delight among Officers and Soldiers at yet another enthusiastic recurrence of the 'old-time religion' of Holiness teaching, testimony, and 'Hallelujah inspiration.'

At the end of the three days Elijah said to the multitude :

'Saying farewell to my Social Work comrades, I feel like a father bereft of his children. If I could only put the claims of the poor, and the responsibility of service convincingly to prosperous and rich people, I could leave with a most joyful heart. I have seen strong, wicked men, and weak, wicked men, restored and made good for useful careers, where they are doing well for themselves and the nation. The way the Officers and helpers have adapted themselves to the extraordinary demands that have arisen in working the Social Scheme has been marvellous. *If the money the General asked for had been subscribed, there is no doubt the kingdom could have been rid of destitution and workless men.* Some ask, "Are these submerged worth the trouble?" YES! They've been as much trouble to me day and night for years as anybody, and I have found them well worth the trouble. What value do we each put on a human life and a human soul? We know the value God put on them. Glory to

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Jesus Christ through whom a man can be born again into the Kingdom of God ! I've worked hard, but I've had harder-working leaders. May my farewell to the Social Work mean it will go on better and faster till the millennium of Christ reigns in the hearts and lives of all men upon earth. God bless you all. Amen.'

The audience rose with one accord and sang the Doxology.

CHAPTER XI

WORLD-TRAVEL

IN 1900 Commissioner Cadman was appointed a Travelling Commissioner.

At a period when men of fewer years seek release from labour, he began a new life of exertion and vicissitude. His ways at first lay over old ground where he had sown seed, and he was received by Soldiers who were his Converts; he held reviews, inquired into spiritual progress, invigorated Officers, but chiefly conducted soul-seeking campaigns. Once again it was a life of advertisements, marches, big audiences, and filled penitent-forms.

‘ If Elijah has lost his poor novelty and attraction the Lord Jesus has always His supreme attraction and eternal power. Lift Him up! He draws all men unto Him,’ said the little man.

International Headquarters insisted upon a long leave. Before three months had passed he was ‘ Tired of rest and considering the body ’ and begging that plans be matured.

In a pocket-book he noted :

‘ I got a letter from the Chief of the Staff. The General wants me to go to the West Indies. I did not open the letter till I got to my billet, as I do not like to have business thoughts before I go into a Meeting.’

He departed for Jamaica soon afterwards. The passage was made in bad weather in a small, top-heavy steamer; he and his accompanying Officer were the only second-class passengers. There was no deck accommodation for them except the smoking room and every Salvation Army Officer is a non-smoker. Their cabin was close to the propeller and they were told the ship did not cater for the second class. Elijah was indisposed throughout the journey, though he continued to rise early and managed his cold bath.

His 'passage headache' left him when he landed, and he joyfully met the Salvationists, black, white, and brown, who came to convey him in the 'war chariot'—a buggy—to the Hall, an upper room, 'like a big warehouse with glassless windows.' The Theatre Royal had been hired for the Sunday Meetings, and at the 11 a.m. service, where a small attendance was expected owing to the heat, there were seventy-six seekers at the penitent-form. The afternoon's larger congregation was said to be 'socially influential.' 'Perhaps that was why he had only one soul from it,' noted Elijah. At night there were twenty-five souls.

'The Jamaica Times' reported the streets blocked by a crowd that vainly struggled for entrance to hear Commissioner Cadman's lecture. 'There is no affectation about this man. He is worth going a very long way to hear. He is a strong, robust soul. He told his story of The Army's operations amid silence punctuated with uncontrollable bursts of applause.

'Cadman is a short, elderly man, with a peaked

beard and a strong, clear voice. His language falls round the subject with natural eloquence and absolute sincerity. He speaks plainly, forcefully, and finely on Gospel themes. He is in deadly earnest, and believes every word he preaches. Like all good Salvationists, he makes no bones about advertising the Work, saying, "The Devil advertises every inch of his soul-destroying business; why shouldn't we advertise God's Soul-saving Work and miracles?"

In Trinidad a newspaper described him as 'A great little man with a great story. He is protected from exaggeration by the careful figures and dated records he piles up before his hearers. His speech is a cataract, but he never loses the thread of his discourse in the torrent. He is a terror to reporters, for he insists we shall get the figures and facts correctly and not rely on hurrying pencils or memory.'

The Martinique eruption occurred while Elijah was in Kingston, about to start for Barbados, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, and Martinique. Arriving at St. Vincent, he at once co-operated with the authorities in rescue and nursing work. At Barbados a small-pox epidemic compelled him to quarantine.

He was publicly thanked by members of all denominations for the blessing received through him. The farewells, at the end of eleven months' work, were said at soul-saving Meetings, and he was played by the Band down to the boat.

In 1903, at the close of campaigns in the United Kingdom, he received another valedictory from his Leader.

‘ MY DEAR COMMISSIONER,—You are going forth once more to represent me and to explain and sustain by your presence, example, and teaching the principles of our Army. I am sorry that in the rush and anxieties of the late Staff Councils I did not find opportunity to give you my blessing and bid you adieu. I do so now. You know that you have my confidence and live in my affection. Your visits to other countries and Salvation centres have been heartily welcome and made a great blessing. It will be so in South Africa. God will go with you and take charge of you by sea and land. God bless you, my dear Commissioner.

On the voyage Elijah expressed himself with customary bluntness to his wife :

‘ MY DEAR,—There is a regular round of sporting competitions every day, and they are rather a nuisance, owing to the perpetual noise. The decks are monopolized for concerts, entertainments and dancing nearly every night. Christian and quiet people, who want to do serious study or work, have little consideration. We attended the service on Sunday morning. I didn’t care for the flabby platitudes of the whisky-drinking, smoking, sporting, flirting parson. There was a singing service at night—a ramble through hymns having no connexion with each other. I don’t call this true worship, true gospel, or true soul-seeking. However, we praised and worshipped in our hearts. The rich food served has been a bit trying for me. I should like a loaf of your home-made bread, and a drink of real tea that hasn’t been boiled or stewed, and I

wish my feet were better. These are but trifles, however.'

At Cape Town the pioneer, much-tried Missionary Officers came in from all parts of the country to the Congress. All joined in the march to Church Square. Elijah was given a steady horse, and on it he preached 'red-hot Salvation.' Four persons knelt in the ring, and prayed to be saved. 'Four,' said Elijah, 'in Cape Town! Christ should have hundreds seeking Him.'

'The South African News' reported:

'At half-past nine last night a Salvation Army procession set out from The Army Citadel and paraded the streets to gather up our "drunks." The procession was about 150 yards long and a number of torches and lamps were carried. It drew a crowd that filled the Hall with men, a great portion of whom were under the influence of drink. Near the platform sat a man in the final stages of inebriation. The Commissioner in charge of The Army in South Africa, said: "My friend Charley here invited me to have a drink. Charley has had enough of that sort of drink so I invited him to drink with me. I invite you all. We will have coffee." Coffee was served to everybody. Commissioner Cadman spoke and evidently appealed to his audience, for they cheered his address enthusiastically, and we are informed "souls were saved."'

A newspaper reported that 'Prisoners and men on trial at Cape Town jail were allowed the option of attending Cadman's Meetings held in the prison. Sixty assembled. The old Salvationist gave out the hymn, "Jesus, the prisoner's fetters

breaks " and urged the men " to sing as loudly as me " so that all within hearing could understand the words.

' The speaker and prisoners were soon on good terms with each other, the men moved to astonishment, laughter, serious introspection, and emotion, and the Meeting continued and ended on a long sustained note of sincere solemnity. By the respectful salutes and adieux of the men to the little representative of the great General Booth, it was clear they highly appreciated his visit, his sincerity, his offer of help from The Army, and his Gospel message.'

In fulfilling his orders to conduct a special campaign in South Africa, Commissioner Cadman travelled over 5,000 miles, visited thirty-four Corps and seventeen Social Institutions of The Army ; held forty-four Open-Air Meetings, 134 Indoor Meetings, eleven Native Meetings, and eight Social Work Meetings. There were 447 public penitents.

Elijah described the Meetings in South Africa as ' painfully small and hard ; the souls seeking Salvation and Sanctification sometimes excellent in proportion to the number present, but nevertheless, altogether, the results disappointing.' However, he understood the obstacles to such strenuous soul-seeking in the disturbed condition of the country after the Boer War, the dispersion of the Salvationists, and the want of general comprehension of The Salvation Army's principles and aims. Of the devotion of the Officers he was assured, as also of the temptations presented to them to turn to a path easier than that of The Army which, at its

best, affords, from the view-point of the ordinary mind, little besides a bare livelihood.

In the beginning Salvation Army Officers in South Africa had a standard of living below the poorest white labour. No words can express sufficiently the courage and self-sacrifice shown, but the fruits of that period are seen in various phases of the work to-day. Though The Army, true to its 'no politics' policy, has nothing to say on the point, it is a fact that South Africa is helped by every heathen caught in the Salvation net, for the Organization keeps its members at peace, industrious, happy, and away from State charities and institutions. Hampered by restricted resources, The Army has achieved a great deal for the welfare of South Africa.

In August, 1904, William Booth went upon his first motor campaign in Great Britain. Elijah was one of his helpers in six such tours. This tour was successful, and at its close the General wrote to him :

'MY DEAR CADMAN,—I have been wanting to write you a line with my own pen ever since the conclusion of the Campaign, to say how much your valuable co-operation aided me in that interesting enterprise. To know that while I was hammering at the people in the Hall, you were hammering from your waggon at those outside was a great comfort to me. The people I most want to speak to were often shut out from the sound of my voice. The knowledge that you were speaking truth and drawing them to the blessed Saviour was a joy.

'I have now letters from Ireland telling me that God is blessing your efforts there. Ireland is an

intensely interesting country. I would like to have opportunity and ability to reach that people with the transforming, purifying, heart-satisfying Salvation simplicity that He who hung upon the Cross gives. Go on, my brother ; God will help us.

‘ Take care of your health. Live a moment at a time. Cast yourself upon God, and He will supply all you need, and He will show you greater things than in the past.’

During 1905 Elijah returned to many of the English towns. He was not in his usual good health but refused to relax his efforts. At Leicester there was a remarkable Open-Air Meeting in the Market Place, and the indoor service in the Corn Exchange could not accommodate those who desired to worship ; nearly 200 adults and numbers of children professed conversion.

Rochdale again heard the Commissioner preach. Many Churchmen and women assisted him in visiting the public-houses and in the street demonstrations. At one midnight Meeting sixteen drunkards were sobered and professed Salvation.

CHAPTER XII

‘ FIERY ELIJAH ’

IN March, 1906, the General ordered Commissioner Cadman to take charge of the passengers of *The Kensington*, the first emigrant ship chartered by The Salvation Army. She sailed from Liverpool with 1,400 emigrants for Canada.

The General addressed the travellers at Euston Station, London, committing them to the care of Eternal Love. Then he asked them each to uphold the honour of Old England in Young Canada, saying he had pledged his word they were honest, industrious people who would benefit Canada and bring up their children to benefit the country.

‘ The Salvation Army, by God’s grace, can set a ladder for every man, but it cannot make him climb it. If I can, I will come and see you in your new country. If we don’t meet again on earth, be sure you meet me in Heaven. God bless you.’

The Army Bands played cheerful music; he shook hands with all, including the children, and the trains started amid cheers.

‘ You look too good to send away,’ the old General had wistfully remarked, ‘ but the good blood of the country will soon deteriorate if willing workers are left unemployed.’

These first emigrants selected by The Salvation

Army, which has since sent abroad 160,000 others, were respectable, sturdy, and intelligent, but some had sad life-stories.

One was told by a London dock labourer from Poplar, sailing with his wife and child. On each of the three pale, thin faces the wolf had left his mark. The man was aged forty-one years—‘ too old ’ for London ; ‘ too old ’ for the permanent staff at the docks.

‘ I knew,’ said he, ‘ that when my turn came I would never find a regular job again. For two years I kept my “ extra hand ” job ; £1 7s. a week, but, as my boss told me when I gave notice because I was going to emigrate, I had saved him the trouble of giving me notice. I’ve worked from fourteen years’ old, but never had £5 of my own till last year, or enough to eat. Our home’s been one or two little rooms in a slum street. A year ago my second child died ; when he was buried he left us rich. We had £4 of his insurance left. I said to the wife, “ Now’s our chance ; through our poor little one, if God’s good, it’s Canada next year.’

They had lived in two rooms. They moved into one still smaller and saved two shillings weekly. They practically starved for twelve months. Each day, including Sunday, the man went to his work and saw hundreds of men return without work.

‘ It would make you cry to watch them. Just frames of men. It made me more determined to get out of England. So, thank God, here we are. We couldn’t raise all the passage money. The Army’s lent us the balance, and we’ll soon pay it back won’t we, missus ? ’

The woman, quivering with excitement, smiled faintly. Perhaps she was thinking of the little boy whose death had opened for them and his sister the door out of a bondage as dreadful as that of old Egypt.

One thousand of the emigrants were men ; 65 per cent were country bred, 15 per cent had mechanical trades, 10 per cent were tradesmen, professional men, and clerks, 10 per cent were domestic servants ; 80 per cent wanted to settle on the land. Two hundred were children under school age, 100 under twenty years, 720 between twenty and thirty, 240 between thirty and forty, 60 over forty. Thirty per cent were married, 60 per cent single, 10 per cent widows or widowers.

The Kensington swung into mid-river and Elijah 'took over' under the Captain. His office hours were 6 a.m. to 11 p.m. He visited everybody and held evening Meetings 'with good soul results.' There were sports, games, presents for the children, grace sung at meals, and general jollity and hopefulness. The Salvation Army Labour Bureau on board arranged employment for every emigrant before they reached Halifax. Lectures were given on Canada and its people. There were two complaints about trivial matters. A newspaper correspondent reported : 'No drink or gambling was allowed. There was not a fight or quarrel ; I did not hear a single oath. It was a most remarkable trip and a very happy one.'

The disembarkation and transportation of the party were perfect. 'I was twenty-two hours, my dear, on my feet the day we got in,' wrote Elijah to his wife. The Captain and ship's officers were

appreciative of the general behaviour of the passengers ; the Canadian officials approved highly the class and physique of the emigrants, and that many were provided with funds to buy land.

Four trips Elijah made as spiritual bo’sun of *The Kensington*. On the second passage, Colonel Mary Booth, daughter of the General, afterwards to distinguish herself in Service in France and Germany, unfurled the Flag. Twenty boys, whose passages had been paid by the London County Council, were among the emigrants. One lad, asked how he came there, answered frankly, ‘ There’s too many of us at home. Mother can’t live with father, and——.’ This bright, honest-faced sixteen-year-old boy rose from his knees after prayer with a Salvationist, held out his hand and said, ‘ Yes, sir, I am going to be good.’

A British workman’s story made a listener hope the day may dawn when such as he need not undertake a 6,000-mile journey to get work at his trade. He was skilled and energetic. ‘ But there’s something else needed, old chap.’

‘ What’s that ? ’

The Salvationist explained. ‘ You’re right, I think,’ said the worker. ‘ There must be something in real religion, though somehow I haven’t managed to get it. My father was a shepherd for forty-five years in Cambridgeshire. Before he turned religious he was a rough chap, and then the neighbours said the sheep shearing ’ud knock religion out of him quick. It didn’t ; he died religious. How is it I ain’t ? I’ve tried to understand, but religion don’t seem to get me.’

When the little group got up from their praying there were tears in more than the workman's eyes. 'If I get the real religion, what a good time my missus and the children 'll have !'

'Religion 'll get you. Real religion is Jesus Christ,' said Elijah. The workman professed conversion before the ship touched Montreal.

In all, 14,000 emigrants were transferred to Canada during the season, the last trip including 100 wives and 400 children of Colonists who had already obtained homes for them. 'The Winnipeg Telegram' said :

'It is impossible for us to have our emigrants handpicked, but we who live in this country do not propose to endorse any belief that Canadians will gladly welcome the scum of Europe to these shores. It is only fitting to say The Salvation Army's plan of operations is well-conceived and well-executed. The Army has no haphazard methods. The Army leaves nothing to chance in dealing with its wards ; it has an organization here to take care of them. It merely goes upon the theory that it can work out its "farmer cure" for poverty better in Canada than in Britain, and takes as much pains to work it out here as if working in the mother country.'

This message was sent to Mr. Bramwell Booth by the Governor-General of Canada, Earl Grey :

'Glad to hear you are sending another really good selection of emigrants to Canada. They will be heartily welcome, as with others of the same kind, for whom there is plenty of room.'

Commissioner Cadman passed through New York on his return from Canada to England.

‘ If I had to please myself where I’d live as a business man, I’d live in the United States of America,’ he declared. ‘ The people in U.S.A. are *alive*. They don’t need electric shocks or earthquakes to make them move. They’re on the jump and wide-awake all the time. They say their country is a great country. They are right ; it is.’

During his brief transit he lectured to the American Salvation Army Cadets, held a United Knee-drill (prayers) at National Headquarters, and a public Meeting.

Newspaper reports included the news :

‘ The fiery Elijah is here, but without the old white “ charger ” ; no time to borrow one. The Cadmanesque logic and epigrams rattled in the editorial room, coined on the spot. The Commissioner, in answer to our question, said he carried this coining apparatus around with him. He is glad all the time, glad to be anywhere and do anything for God and to help men. His one public Meeting resulted in thirty-eight souls at the penitent-form, and after a most reverent offering of thanks for these and all mercies to the Divine Throne, he led a final triumphant singing march of Soldiers and Converts.’

Early in 1907 the General dispatched the Commissioner on a visit to Australia and New Zealand.

‘ Our kin there are most appreciative of any effort for their spiritual well-being and of The Army’s striving for that,’ wrote the Founder of The Army. ‘ You will find yourself much at home in Australia and New Zealand. I love the Australian people very truly and well. Go ahead on soul-saving lines ; give

them the deep, sanctifying, spiritual truth. Remember me to the people. I can never forget their sympathy, earnestness, prayers, and affection. God bless you more and more. Your affectionate General, William Booth.'

'I was delighted to go,' said Elijah. 'Salvation Army travelling isn't on the luxury side. The Army don't go, or send you, travelling for travelling's sake or just to improve your poor mind; there's work mapped out on a time-table for you nearly to every minute. But it was a young man's dream of mine, having heard of Australia, to go there. Some of my family are there. I was ready to go on the *Wallaby*! What a passage out we had! One day a wave swept me off my feet and against the ship's side. I was hurt and suffered from shock, but can't say I was frightened, not being given to being frightened. I lost my cap, but not my head, and got sea-sick and sick of the sea.'

His pleasure in the tasks outlined for him to perform at the age of sixty-four, did not prevent the customary pang he felt at each parting from his wife.

'Oh, my dear,' he wrote to her, 'how you must have felt when the train left and you couldn't see me waving my cap to you any more! It must have felt so lonely to you. I hope you got back safe, cheered up, and had a good cup of tea. You must take a holiday. The seas are between us as they have been before, but God is with us both, and our spirits can't be separated. We are one. We are in the Lord's hand, and He has done, and will do, well for us. I'm keeping all right, so don't worry about me.'

His letters to her would make a great volume, including the diary written for her eyes alone. Mrs. Cadman kept every scrap of the queerly-shaped yet legible writing. She is always ‘ my dear wife,’ ‘ my dear,’ and he is always her ‘ loving Elijah,’ or ‘ affectionate husband,’ and beneath the bold, curt signature is often a line of Xs—kisses. His thoughts go flying to her and his children whenever he ‘ rests ’ in railway carriage or on ship, sees beautiful scenery, or novel sights. ‘ I’m very tired, but I thought you’d like to know all about it,’ he said after a fatiguing, picturesque journey.

His daughter Harriet had married, and his son-in-law was often mentioned in the epistles and called ‘ my dear son,’ ‘ my dear Wills,’ and ‘ my dear boy.’ Yearningly, Elijah wrote to his grandchildren, thanking them for messages and little gifts, keeping each note and pencil sketch, following their progress in lessons with interest. On Christmas Day he visualized his home with the family gathered about the table, Christmas tree, and ‘ Mother.’

From an out-of-the-way Corps in South Africa he sent a carefully copied prescription obtained from a physician for an infantile ailment. From New York he begged ‘ Mother ’ to ‘ get outdoors as much as ever you can ; it’s good for you,’ and advised her on household affairs with tender minuteness. At 2.30 a.m. from a ‘ slow ’ train in Canada, he counselled his daughter on her own health and her children’s upbringing.

There was very little mention of the discomforts of travel, but other sources of information were not reticent. He was generally without the good cup

of tea and slice of home-made bread that were the chief items in his menu. On lengthy journeys he was often cheek by jowl with snobbish, supercilious, or coarse-tongued individuals who ignored his human worthiness, resented his cleanliness, originality, and lack of social hypocrisy, and repulsed his courteous solicitude for their bodily and spiritual welfare. Thrice during his travelling he referred to physical disability. Once he suffered badly from sore feet and hands ; once from pains in his mouth : ' I have to have all my food soaked to be able to eat it. My teeth make it worse when they are in, and I can't speak without them '—but he continues to preach and testify ; once his eye ' is still very queer, but no doubt will be better.'

While he was campaigning in Australia and New Zealand there was a continuous undercurrent of apparently unconscious home-sickness and insistent wish that wife and children might be with him to understand ' this great, strong people in their great, strong land, who speak our language and are of the same blood, yet are so different, so stately, so homely, so kind, so ready to take the simple Gospel simply.'

A crowd of Officers who had left their beds very early and walked a long way to greet him on the quay at Melbourne gave him a ' Salvation good morning ! ' A number had served under him in England and he had to address them. He stayed in the city for a fortnight, visiting the principal Corps in the neighbourhood, lighting a fire of enthusiasm, inspiring afresh the Soldiers, and rejoicing with them over crowds at the penitent-form.

Collingwood, a scene of aforetime Salvationist conflicts with sinners, gave a Sunday haul of forty-one souls. At his first indoor Meeting he said : ‘ Australians seem to have the “ Blood and Fire ” spirit, but I think they might have made more use of the drum. I love the drum. It’s more rousing than the bells. It draws the lost and sinful quicker. Now, hit it harder, drummer ! ’ In the Prayer Meeting that followed, a voice from the audience called, ‘ Here’s a young man who has given himself to God, Commissioner, while you’ve been speaking. He wants to confess Christ’s power openly.’

A newspaper critic of these Meetings observed :

‘ There is only one man I know who could say the things Cadman says without ripping a service all to pieces, and that’s himself. Here is a bit of his sermon. “ The Lord can allow an earthquake or a skyquake any time. What did He do for Paul at Philippi ? Then, when Paul was on his journey to Rome the boat was pretty well swamped and the Devil shaken out of the crew. He didn’t forget Paul, did the Lord. When the earthquake came in Martinique, it was the last day for 40,000 souls, who were buried in a minute and a half. A last day is coming for you ! You’ll see a cinematograph of your life race its way before your eyes, and you’ll see Jesus, your Judge, on that great Day. God writes His lessons in the sky, in the dark, in the death chamber. He sends His message to you to-night. Don’t be like a young man who came once to my Meeting. ‘ I’ll be saved on Sunday,’ he said, but on Sunday he was dead.” ’

Then followed a touching story of an interview

Cadman had had with an infidel who greeted him with, 'Do you pray for lost souls?'

'On the text—"*That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith ; that ye being rooted and grounded in love*"—Cadman said in part: "That's it. Rooted and grounded. Not like some Christmas-tree stuck in a tub, very ornamental and pretty, but no use for growing and flourishing. Why, their very fruits are tied on 'em with cotton and break off into ill-temper, pride, and uncharitableness directly the Devil pulls at 'em. You may have all knowledge and yet be destitute of Salvation. I would sooner be converted to God by Christ than know all mysteries without Salvation, for when you're dead in sin what's the use of your learning and mysteries? To know the love of Christ is what we need. God's love is boundless. If you do not know that and have not experienced conversion, you have merely a rushlight religion that any trouble can puff out."

'Followed a story of a hardened criminal who had received eight floggings of fifty lashes each. He remained defiant. Out of prison and in The Salvation Army Prison Gate Home, he listened to the story of Redeeming Love from the lips of men like himself. The man who had remained untouched for years was softened, conquered, and saved by the love of Christ.'

Another report said :

"'Fiery Elijah" announced his subject with Bible in hand. It was "Prayer," taken from Chapter xviii. of 1 Kings. "There are prayers *and* prayers," said he. "Some people's prayers are long with nothing in them. They lack grip and get no

reply. The prophet Elijah’s was a short prayer, and the answer came before he finished it. That’s the way to pray—say something to the point, expect something, and you won’t be disappointed.” The end of a highly original address was seekers at the penitent-form.’

In Scottsdale, Tasmania, an old Rugbyite hailed Elijah. The delight was mutual, and as the conversation proceeded, tears glistened in their eyes, and both voices were husky. Back over forty years they harked, and memory lit up in flashes of life’s light, the familiar, bygone scenes.

Hobart gave him a mayoral reception, a torchlight procession, the Town Hall for a Salvation Meeting, and thirteen souls at the penitent-form.

An old woman could hardly contain her joy. ‘ Oh, ‘ Lijah, ‘ Lijah ! ’ she cried. ‘ Don’t you remember me ? I was the little girl at the village of Crick, outside Rugby. You used to come to preach, and I used to give out your hymns and read the Bible ! ’ Among the first to greet him in New Zealand was an ‘ old Sheffield blade,’ now holding a responsible position. They recalled the cutters’ city and The Army’s struggles and victories.

Commissioner Cadman visited Invercargill, Christchurch, Wellington, South Wellington, Fielding, Palmerston North, Wanganui, Eltham, New Plymouth, and Auckland. Sydney and Brisbane received him with crowds, and gave prominence in newspapers and by public men to his Meetings. The Mayor of Kalgoorlie welcomed him to Western Australia. At Perth the Premier of the State acted as chairman at the public Meeting.

Elijah enjoyed best, perhaps, his visits to The Army's Homes for Children near Melbourne. 'They are real homes, a paradise for the poor mites,' he wrote, 'and the Women's Social Work is doing a grand work.'

In Australia and New Zealand The Salvation Army is acknowledged to be one of the chief factors in national, religious, and civic life, the respect it has earned is given ungrudgingly, and the State recognizes the various departments of Work by proportionate annual grants of money.

'The Ballarat Courier' was interested in Commissioner Cadman :

'He candidly admitted last evening at the Alfred Hall that he did not even concern himself about the Second Coming of our Lord, for the very good reason that he would be glad to see Him at any time He chose to come. He was of the opinion that there was too much bothering about the Lord's Second Coming, and too little about getting souls saved and ready to welcome Him. A lady once wanted me to have a pamphlet about the lost tribes of Israel. But I hadn't time to read it ; my Master's business for me is telling His Salvation and helping anybody that wants help. So I told the lady politely and said : " I don't believe I belong to a lost tribe. I belong to the found tribe. The Lord found me in a lost tribe when He saved me, and I'm not going back to that tribe again."

" God sends nobody to Hell. It's your fault if you get there. The rich man in Hell saw the truth and blamed nobody but himself. You must repent. If you can't, you must ask God to make

you repent. There is no Salvation for you unless you repent and leave—leave—leave your sins. You can’t cut loose from your sins, but God will cut you loose if you really want to be loosed and live your life for Him.”

‘Commissioner Cadman is a personality, though he is a small man. His vocal capacity is remarkable, for he is well over the sixty line, and has used his voice without stint in and out of buildings for many years.’

A town gave Elijah a public welcome, and the Mayor mentioned that one of the reasons Australia refused the Founder’s first offer of British workmen Colonists was because Australia thought they would be the dregs of the United Kingdom.

An impromptu dialogue ensued :

Elijah : ‘ I don’t know, sir, if you got that idea from friend or foe. I was in charge of the Social and Colonization Work, and have had thousands of men in my charge, and I know we never even dreamed of sending any men unlikely to do well for themselves and Australia.’

Mayor : ‘ How do educated men get into The Army’s hands? What brings about their downfall? ’

Commissioner Cadman : ‘ Gambling, embezzlement, marriage troubles, and drink.’

Mayor : ‘ When converted, do these men adhere to The Army? ’

Commissioner Cadman : ‘ Not unless they choose, and by their own free will. The Army never touches a man’s freedom or his creed. No one is under lock and key. People who wish to know the truth should

investigate the facts. The Army doors are wide for inspection.'

The Melbourne 'War Cry' contained a column of 'Cadmanisms' useful to its readers, taken from Elijah's addresses:

'A Soldier of Christ spends his life in fighting the world, the flesh, and the Devil, not resting.'

'A man on board ship wanted to know where Heaven was. I told him in my heart, and could be in his. He couldn't see it, but I could feel it.'

'Don't give way because you don't feel very nice. God is in the midst of the clouds that may hang over you.'

'Soldiers of The Army, serve God first and always. Be holy in your heart. Be what your uniform says you are. Honour God. If you serve God you will have a burning bush in your soul, a fire that burns but consumes only sin. You will have a nature that craves for the deliverance from sin and the happiness of every man.'

'God will repeat Pentecost where there is unity of heart, faith, and consecration.'

'A holy man is a righteous man, right with God, with his neighbour, and everybody else.'

'If you want to be successful in the service of God you must have confidence in Him.'

'I feel in myself weak, weakest of the weak, yet I realize God can take weak things, foolish things that are despised, the most unlikely, and transform, use, and so put Himself in them that nothing evil can have any influence over them. He is God, you see.'

'Christ gave Himself a willing Sacrifice for us; what are we doing and sacrificing for Him?'



COMMISSIONER CADMAN WHEN CAMPAIGNING IN CEYLON.

Elijah had long journeys, made visits to eighty of The Army's Social Institutions, and took a leading part in the Australian Congress and Social Work demonstrations. He was accorded twenty-five civic receptions and followed by a trail of letters of affection from Converts and Christians of all denominations.

On his return voyage to England, in November, 1907, he paid a two weeks' visit to Ceylon. He addressed, through an Army translator, a Meeting of Cingalese Converts. There were seventeen souls at the penitent-form and more at a reception given in a Hall.

At Swamiwatte an elephant served as the war charger on which Commissioner Cadman led a procession of reclaimed devil-dancers and converted persons. There were fifty-seven Converts. At Jaffna 'forty-seven came out for pardon and purity.'

While speaking at an Open-Air Meeting at Kandy three birds flew towards him and alighted on his helmet to the delight of the listening natives, who declared they knew it was a sign that good spirits only were with the man and his words. 'I knew the birds were on my sun-hat,' said he, 'for I saw them come and felt them perch, but I kept a grave face. They meant, anyway, that I got a good hearing for the Gospel and Saviour I was holding up. We had ten souls out of that crowd.'

Moratuwa sent its Salvationists of twenty-three years' standing and its young recruits to see and take counsel from him, and there were Converts. Elijah went to praise and pray on the spot where

Commissioner Booth-Tucker and the revered Cingalese Officer, Colonel Weerasoriya, had spent entire nights in prayer. He inspected The Army's Boarding School. Two solemn Meetings in Colombo followed with a result of eleven souls. At The Army's Rescue Home 'twenty-two poor girls sought cleansing and strength for a new life in our dear Lord.'

Next day the Commissioner sailed for home. Said the Officers of Ceylon : 'He took with him our love, our thanks, and our prayers for him. God has been pleased to encourage and help us in our souls and in The Army Work through him, and we have a gathering-in of Converts.'

CHAPTER XIII

LINKS WITH THE FOUNDER

AFTER short successful Salvation Campaigns in Denmark, Sweden, Finland, and Switzerland, Commissioner Cadman spent, in 1909, some weeks in Canada and Newfoundland. He wrote that he had 'travelled from one end of Canada to the other on his Master's business and found Salvation Army teaching everywhere.'

'I had a very good finish at Montreal,' he told his 'dear son and daughter, Wills and Harriet.' 'We finished up in a blaze of fervour with seventy-five at the penitent-form. Had to catch the last train on Sunday night for Winnipeg, and so was forced to close the Meeting at 9.30. The Bandsmen, Soldiers, and many of the people played and sang me to the station, and my war chariot this time was a sleigh, a vehicle on skates that slid over the ice and snow. I gave last words to them from it, and boarded the train, very tired.

'It was lonely on the train. We lost eight hours the first night through a freight train breaking down. You would perhaps think that while the train waited I could have slept, but the train had to keep moving to and fro every few minutes, so it was all jerks, kicks, and bumps, and we felt parboiled, it was so hot inside. It was a little razor

frost, but we got here, ten hours late, on Wednesday morning.

‘Winnipeg is a fine city indeed. The Army has good Corps here. Montreal is about two-thirds Catholic and governed by French-speaking people. Winnipeg is Protestant and has an English-speaking government and population, though about one-third of the people are foreigners.

He had some trying journeys between Provinces, but was refreshed by Converts in Halifax, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver, and other places. Once he told his wife: ‘It was rather a heavy day. God saved souls. Glory to His name! I had to change and dry all my underclothing after each Meeting, I had got up such a steam.’

Newfoundland rejoiced him with 763 Converts. He described the country as one with a big, unforeseen, commercial future in view, and the people as sturdy, wholesome, hardworking, and sincere. On Boll Island the Meetings were of ‘the old-time Salvation kind,’ ‘glory fits,’ and all, complete.

He had ‘a desperate fight on Monday with the Devil in my room, the enemy saying I ought to be ashamed of travelling so far to get such a few souls to the Saviour as I had on Sunday, and that probably they were not saved at all, just excitement on top of curiosity to see an old, ignorant fool, and rapscallion like me. So I fought that by telling him that the Blood of Jesus Christ availed for all, and His power could not be resisted, and that if Christ was held up men *must* be drawn to Him, and that I—fool, ignorant, a sinner saved—had nothing to do with it or their saving. I was only a rough, but

visible, tool used by His wisdom and love. I said he'd soon see whether the penitent-form crowds were saved or not; they must be or he wouldn't be troubling himself to come and tell me. God then graciously gave me the assurance that at night He would triumph.

'I then told Commissioner Rees what the Lord was going to do.

'From the start of that Monday night Meeting, God's presence and power were plain. At once we had twenty-two volunteers at the penitent-form. These continued in prayer after conversion. For some time there was no singing, all of us silently praying and adoring Him, thrilled by the power of God. Then a Convert leaped into the air at the penitent-form, giving glory to Christ with a loud voice. A Soldier fell down silently in a "glory fit." A number began to sing together for the joy they had. It was 10.30 before we prayed at the final consecration. It was the best Meeting we have had. I suppose the enemy sensed it coming, and that's why he gave me such a trial. Though none of it was, or ever has been, any of my doing. "Who can forgive sins but God only?"'

While on these, and former, journeys there was correspondence between Commissioner Cadman, the International Headquarters, Mr. Bramwell Booth, and the General. National Officers were advised of the Special Travelling Commissioner's visit. They planned his tours in their countries, and one or two welcoming Officers were allotted him. Often nothing occurred in its proposed order or 'according to plan,' and the rigours of Salvation Army

campaigning and service were very apparent. Everybody, including Elijah, seemed to have endured with easy grace what could not be avoided, and but twice had any Meeting to be postponed.

The time spent in travelling was filled with study, private prayer, meditation, and preparing addresses. International Headquarters letters were arranged to meet the veteran at certain points. The Chief of the Staff wrote :

‘ My dear Commissioner, a word of affectionate greeting to you. May this be a great field of battle and victory for you whether you are at home or afar—a God-honouring campaign. You have great reasons to thank Him, *but you will have more yet.*’

Again, the large script of the then Second-in-Command of The Salvation Army strides across a small page :

‘ MY DEAR CADMAN, I send you my most hearty congratulations. You deserve a medal ! It is really better than I expected. The Lord has wonderfully helped you. Now for some more places. I will see you soon.—BRAMWELL BOOTH.’

The extension of The Army to all parts of the world, his own power and influence, the affairs that thronged his days, did not affect the Chief of the Staff’s attitude towards the man from Rugby who, in the office of the Christian Mission, had viewed his future Chief as a ‘ nice, long-legged, busy lad.’ Elijah acknowledged the spiritual and mental qualifications of the General’s elder son with the same reverence he gave to William Booth.

‘ The Founder’s a genius and Mr. Bramwell is a genius ; but they are different in their kind,’ he

said. 'Each man is himself, but they have, thank God, the same aim, the Glory of Jesus Christ and His Salvation brought near to all mankind.'

The old General was in his eightieth year. There was a celebration of his birthday at the Albert Hall, London, in April, 1909. Commissioner Cadman introduced the contingent representing the early Salvationists. Facing the splendid, white-bearded old man, faithful Elijah saluted, saying :

'General, we your loyal Officers of 1878, express to you our joy that God has spared you to The Army. Though we were small in number, yet by the help of God we were able to lift up the Lord Jesus Christ before a host, and some who opposed Him have become His followers. To Him be the glory and praise !

'Dear General, you have given your best to us and the world. The memory of your sacrifice will remain with The Army, as will your example of devoted, constant labour. We love you, and our lives shall testify we obey your teaching to follow our Leader, Christ the Saviour.'

September, 1909, brought Elijah a special letter from the Founder :

'MY DEAR COMMISSIONER, you will have gathered from reports something of the nature of the misfortune that has overtaken me. It seems desirable you should have a little more information. You know that by the operation on my right eye last December the cataract was removed, and with it the lens of the eye. Now the sight of the eye has been destroyed by something that entered it during my recent Motor Campaign. It happened suddenly.

On the morning of August 17th, I had no knowledge of it ; at night I found the sight had gone altogether. The remaining eye enables me to see and write in a bungling fashion. It is a great trial after an effort over nine months, and expecting to be able to use my eyes again, to be deprived of sight in the midst of one of the most remarkable campaigns of my life. I am sure I shall have your sympathy and prayers.

‘ God has sustained me. I have thrown myself back on Him for support and comfort in the full assurance He will use this trial for my good and the good of The Army. I am still believing I shall live to serve you, The Army, the world, and my Lord, and that He will give me the wisdom, strength, and love needed.’

Elijah poured out his loyal heart in his reply to his Leader and Comrade in the long years of spiritual warfare and material poverty.

Still fighting, still set to aid those he called the ‘Suffering Classes,’ the old Founder dragged himself to and fro across the Continent of Europe, addressing assemblies as one on the verge of the Infinite.

To Elijah he sent, in 1910, orders to depart for the United States of America. Elijah went gladly.

‘ We serve Christ. “ What can happen to us that *He* does not know ? ” ’ was the reply to an inquiry.

His American public Meetings were always visited by pressmen. Their reports gave a picture of the

man, the services, and the stream of Converts. In part, a great New York newspaper said :

‘ Commissioner Cadman, “ Fiery Elijah,” height five feet nothing, breadth about the same, is of the English fighting-cock type of Salvationist. It is no wonder General Booth made him his special ambassador to fight the Devil here. Elijah preached last night to a cosmopolitan crowd in The Salvation Army Hall at Main and Fair Streets. He preached in Newfoundland with the temperature 53 degrees below zero ; the warmth of the religion in him is enough to counteract a little thing like that.

‘ He pulls off his coat, reveals his red jersey, holds out the Bible in front of him and fires away. When Elijah pleads with men about Salvation he is persuasive. Everybody in the City ought to go and hear him. The man’s really sincere about the soul business, and in it for all he’s worth.’

‘ Souls at Ashbury Park. Souls at Western New York. Souls at Newark I. Souls at Westville. Souls at Jamestown. Souls at Buffalo. Souls at Orleans. Souls at Utica. Souls in Connecticut. Souls in Philadelphia. Three hundred and eight-six Souls in the Central Province. Souls in the West. Sixty Souls at three Corps. Souls in Chicago. Souls at Great Falls. Souls in Minneapolis. Souls in St. Paul. Souls at Fargo. Souls at Butte. Souls at Portland. Souls at Seattle. Souls at Kansas. Souls at St. Louis. Souls at Spokane. Souls at Fresno.’

So ran the New York ‘ War Cry ’ news of Elijah from week to week.

‘ The Philadelphia North American ’ reflected :
‘ For once at least, in his long and distinguished

career, the Devil didn't have everything his own way round Eight and Vine Streets last night.

'Commissioner Elijah Cadman of The Salvation Army was shaking things up for a big audience. The prophet is a singular little man, nearly seventy, with whiskers *à la* King Edward, a compelling power that would make the fortune of a political orator, and a voice of brass that ripped through the auditorium like a strong wind, while he bombarded the battlements of perdition for two and a half hours with the most extraordinary religious address ever heard here. He had the penitents lined three deep before the platform and half the audience in tears before he got through. It is the prophet's personality that is astounding. He was as much of a wonder to the people present as he is, he confessed, to himself. He couldn't understand, he said, why a man of his age should be given his power of endurance. Some of his Converts and audience could.

'There were no frills, either, on the language of the speaker regarding the damnation cut out for all who did not make a good and lasting peace with the Lord. The prophet reached the end of his sermon, amid quiet sobbing from many of his hearers, and began his prayers.

'They were no ordinary prayers. They touched fundamental emotions in their appeal, and, as this singular old man stood with outstretched hands, one by one the penitents came up and crumpled down to let tears of repentance fall unseen to the floor. Never was such a number of conversions recorded at one Meeting in that Hall.'

There was scarcely a newspaper of any note in the places visited that did not report Elijah's Meetings, and comment on the strange power shown in conversions.

Commander Evangeline Booth sent him messages of thanks and delight. She was ill and almost unable to hold a pen, but across her dictated letters are written the words, 'God bless you a thousand times.' 'I am sorry the weather is so severe for your daily travelling.' 'So anxious you should be happy yourself, while you are blessing and encouraging the Officers.' 'God bless you; I do appreciate the valuable help you are giving us in the Fight.'

In his farewell speech Commissioner Cadman mentioned that his American experiences seemed to be 'rather like one continuous streak of lightning with occasional claps of thunder.'

The old General wrote on December 22, 1910 :

'MY DEAR CADMAN, time glides rapidly. It seems only yesterday when first we met. Every day that passes I feel that I am nearing the terminus of my toil, and every day I am more anxious to finish creditably the work my Master has given me to do. I guess you are feeling very much after the same fashion. What a miracle of God's mercy your personal experience has been, is still, and will be to the end.

'I rejoice in all the good, substantial work God has enabled you to do, and send my Christmas greetings to Mrs. Cadman and yourself. God bless you more and more. Good-bye, my dear Commissioner. Greater things are ahead.'

The writing of this letter is firm and clear. Irregular and blurred is that of January 2, 1911—the last the Founder of The Salvation Army sent his comrade.

‘MY DEAR CADMAN, I thank you for your letter. I felt your heart beating in sympathy with mine in every line when it was read to me. We have walked, talked, and fought together long enough not only to have reached a position of mutual understanding, but to find ourselves in confidence and affection. May God bless you and yours, and guide, keep, and succour you to the end. From my heart I wish you a happy useful New Year. Go on praying for me. I think about you and all the toils of the past with satisfaction, and I never see you or hear your name and work without praising God for His keeping mercies.’

The earthly course of William Booth was nearly sped, but special campaigns in Great Britain and Germany were the lot of Commissioner Cadman till 1912.

On May 9th, celebrating his birthday, the old General addressed an audience of 10,000 in the Albert Hall, London. On the 23rd he underwent an operation on his remaining eye, and soon knew his hope of restored sight was lost. With a final statement of faith in the Lord he had loved and served from boyhood—‘The promises of God are sure if you will only believe,’—‘the General laid down his sword’ on August 20th.

His faithful son, and truest Officer, Bramwell, succeeded him. A remarkable, world-wide demon-

stration of regret and sympathy poured into his office in International Headquarters. Representatives of nearly all nations and ranks sent tributes of admiration for the glorious old man who had lived to fight only for the depressed, oppressed, weakest, and most miserable, the obscure millions who had had no mighty human voice to plead with burning eloquence for them.

The body of William Booth lay in state—in Westminster Hall or St. Paul's Cathedral? No. Amid the rough wooden benches and plastered walls of his own Congress Hall at Clapton he lay. Sixty-five thousand persons passed by his coffin, many weeping, all remembering his consistent kindness, blessing him, and thanking God for what he had accomplished. The Memorial Service in Olympia had a congregation of 35,000.

He passed to his grave—in Westminster Abbey? No. To the Public Cemetery at Abney Park, North London. He went to his grave beside his noble wife and amid the bodies of unknown citizens, but like a monarch, a warrior, a genius; his testimony, the thousands of his Army representing peoples of sixty-nine countries and colonies; his panoply, his symbolic Flag, and his Bible; his salute, the sorrowful reverence of the millions lining the miles of his last majestic march through London. 'There goes a man who has never had a peer,' said a statesman watching his going.

Behind the coffin, his white head bare, walked Bramwell Booth, beloved son and inheritor of the burden of spiritual poverty and mortal woe of the nations.

Head up, unweeping, seeing not the coffin but his triumphant General entering Heaven and waving on to further victories, was little Elijah, certain that ' We are not separated in spirit. Who can separate us from God in whom we live ? '

CHAPTER XIV

RETIREMENT AND PEACE

A FRESH strength appeared to impel The Army forward. In the Far East and in all its missionary ventures there was a unity and progress. General Bramwell Booth sees all races as one family. One hundred Missionary Officers were sent out ; a special Campaign in the United Kingdom against the White Slave Traffic initiated and carried through ; a Hospital opened in Berlin ; and the successful Life-Saving Scout and Guard Movements brought into being. The General and Mrs. Bramwell Booth also found time to perform other duties. Not one of the Founder's ' Old Guard ' was forgotten.

Elijah wrote in December, 1912 :

' MY DEAR GENERAL, I duly received your beautiful letter of the 10th instant, together with the gloves of our blessed General, and I shall always cherish them as a reminder of him and a mark of your kind thought for me. These gloves came as a great surprise. I was deeply moved. Thoughts came freely of all the years past and scenes together. He seemed to live before me once more. Mrs. Cadman unites with me in love, prayers, and loyalty to you.'

The ranks of the veterans were thinning.

In 1913, Commissioner George Railton, that ascetic enthusiast and cosmopolitan propagandist of The Army, died the death he wished, in harness. At Cologne Station, Germany, he stepped into a train, and with incredible swiftness, out of this world. In May, 1914, the *Empress of Ireland* sank in the St. Lawrence River, Canada, and with her 143 Salvation Army delegate Officers and Soldiers travelling to the International Congress in London. Many Officers had been 'Promoted to Glory'; some had been retired by infirmity or age.

Elijah felt the passing of his brothers, yet was sure they were but separated by earthly vision. With those yet in the flesh he kept up an irregular, cheerful correspondence. From all parts came letters:

'You won't remember me, most likely, but I shall never forget you. You "got me through" at Oldham penitent-form when I was drunk. I've been in the Nonconformist Regiment serving God ever since. Hallelujah! We'll meet in Heaven, and what a conversation we'll have.'

'I was the "Hallelujah policeman,"' wrote another. 'What days they were! I'm still saved and serving God.'

Others sent long epistles filled with the family news of two generations. Some 'would likely have been criminals or paupers, but for The Salvation Army and you. God bless you, 'Lijah.'

Ex-Social Work 'trophies' begged to know the state of his health, telling him of struggles and triumphs since 'we were down and out.' A former down-and-out, holding a notable position in commerce

wrote: 'You said good-bye to me after coming down to the railway station to see me off when I re-started. I do not forget. Such little civil kindnesses as yours to me in the days when I was not worth anything but kicks cannot pass out of memory. God bless you, sir.' A woman in Queensland sent a scrap of paper saying she was 'still saved and happy.' 'You will not recollect us, but we almost daily thank God you ever came to our house,' said another sent from a little town in Scotland.

During three years Commissioner Cadman pursued his special work at International Headquarters and in Meetings in various parts of Great Britain. It was joy to him when a Salvation Army Leper Colony was opened in Sumatra, in 1915, as a William Booth Memorial, and Queen Alexandra received the General and Mrs. Booth at Marlborough House, when Her Majesty named The Army's gift of Motor Ambulances and a Motor Transport for service in the Great War. In July he beheld the Fiftieth Anniversary of The Army of peace and love pass without celebration. He had hoped to be present at the Guildhall, London, in March, 1916, when the General dedicated another Ambulance Unit for the Eastern Front, and gave £2,000 donation to the Lord Mayor from The Army for a Third Ambulance Unit for the Western Front.

He had to tell the General he was prevented by illness. 'Something,' said Elijah, 'seems to have gone wrong with my system.'

The General replied: 'My dear Cadman, I am sorry, indeed, to hear of this trouble. You have

lived a very strenuous and active life, and no doubt your nervous system is not so strong as it once was. I spoke yesterday about you to — and told him to do all he could and let me know how you go on.

‘God be with you, sustain and comfort you, and fill your heart with joy and peace in believing.’

The news ran round the globe and Army circle that Elijah was forced to rest. Messages and inquiries came by cable, telegraph, and post, in a stream. They can be summarized in a single extract: ‘I remember with great pleasure your visit and kindness to me in the early days of my Officership in England and in Australia. There are many who remember you in sympathy and in prayer for your work’s sake. Though they may not know you personally, they owe you much directly and indirectly for your labours and influence.’ The illness was protracted. It was said Elijah was dying. The General journeyed to him. The sick man, awaking from sleep, saw the kind face of the white-haired Leader he had known as a ‘nice lad,’ bending anxiously over him.

‘Do you think you will get better?’ asked the General.

‘Better? Of course I shall get better, General!’ answered he.

He did, but never so much better that he could walk alone. His fight was henceforth to be for bodily patience that he might content himself by looking at The Army.

In 1916, held by weakness to his chair, Elijah and his brave wife celebrated their golden wedding.

Years later the following description was written of them :

‘ They faced each other by the fireside of their comfortable home. Elijah said suddenly, a world of love and admiration in his still strong voice, ‘ *My Darling !* When I first saw her I thought she was an angel. Now I know she is ! ’

‘ About them flowed a river of Salvationist reverence, affection, and care. Elijah was a happy man. He looked back on achievement for souls, and forward to a never-ending existence of joy and beauty. His mind was alert ; there was no fresh advance of The Army with which he was unacquainted ; he had views on life and the things that agitated the moment in the world’s history.

‘ What the matter is the old trouble,’ he asserted. ‘ The Christian world won’t act up to what it professes ; it won’t practise practical Christianity ; that is, it won’t follow Christ, it won’t have His conversions, His Salvation, His Self-sacrifice, and His obedience. The world won’t have Christ as its King and Ruler.’

‘ You believe in a real Devil ? ’

‘ Aye, I do ! Haven’t I seen enough of his works and devilry to know he’s not only real, but busy day and night trying to ruin man’s soul ? People who see what goes on at death-beds and the penitent-form can’t doubt the reality of the Devil or that they must fight. But in and by Christ we have the victory over the old Serpent. Hallelujah !

‘ Take the Gospels and put a mark under each of our blessed Lord’s references to him and evil.

The way the Gospels will look will show if our Lord thought the best way was never to mention him. Who arms and goes out to fight an enemy they are sure does not exist? More times than I can count he's been at me and nothing but Christ Himself saved me from yielding.

'At Leeds there was a drunkard who couldn't be tamed; he had a fierce possession of the Devil. When I spoke to him he cursed God horribly, saying he had no soul to be saved. I said, "Will you find your soul in Hell?" and prayed, kneeling by him. Suddenly he fell in a heap on me, and I crawled away from under him. After an agony over the going of the possessing Devil, he found the love and mercy of Christ. That man became the gentlest, quietest of men.

'Another caught one of our women-Soldiers in his struggles, and the Devil in him tried to strangle her. I flung him off, for though small I was strong, and I prayed and prayed till he submitted himself to Christ, was cleansed of the Devil, and saved. That fellow didn't want to be saved, but Christ's love had sought him, brought him into our Hall to save him, and saved he was, becoming a good Salvation Soldier, always seeking other souls' Salvation. "Compel them to come in," said our Lord and sometimes He compels them Himself. The Army goes out to bring them in. You don't surely think men and women go out at inconvenient hours, denying themselves rest and comfort, to shout in the streets and meet with indifference or mockery, for the fun of doing so? There's a bigger motive than that behind it.

‘ It’s no good having orthodox gloves to deal with Devil-possession cases. Though if “orthodox” means going by the New Testament, I reckon The Salvation Army is true to the meaning.

‘ Not knowing her reputation, I spoke in a Meeting to a notorious woman. She reviled God. That, it seemed, was her custom. She went to no other place of worship but The Army, and if spoken to about her soul, answered in that manner. When she stopped I said, ‘ That wasn’t you who spoke, my sister.’ ‘ Who else was it ? ’ she demanded. ‘ It was the Devil. I know his voice and language,’ I answered. Her rage was awful, and I left her. One night, without any one speaking to her, she walked weeping to the penitent-form, confessing her sins to the Saviour. Afterwards, they said, she was ever the gentlest sort of woman and very patient.

‘ Real Devil ? Aye. Yet a child by faith in Christ can make him tremble and flee,’ and Elijah became silent, his hands clasped, his face glowing with some inward remembrance.

‘ Why do you suppose people are anxious to get in touch with the dead, Commissioner Cadman ? ’

He roused himself with a sigh. ‘ Same thing. Devil’s tricks don’t vary much ; he’s only a devil, though the prince of devils. One generation he plagues with infidelity. Next generation, he has brought up spiritism, the strong desire and determination to communicate with, not God, but the next world and the dead. We know that the blessed dead who die in Christ are alive in it and Him, and no longer troubled with this world. Our

Mediator is no medium, for He is Jesus Christ, God, and man. He *is* the Way.

'A great calamity of war or loss always turns people's thoughts to the next life. At once the Devil suggests seeking the mortally dead to prove God lives and is Truth. A true Christian knows, with a knowledge deeper than his senses, that his soul will go on living with Christ.

'Is the world growing better or worse in your view?'

'*Better!*' Elijah was joyously emphatic. 'More persons have heard of Christ and accepted Him. Soon the nations will realise they are truly "of one blood"' and war is a device to exterminate them on earth.'

Elijah referred to India :

'Does England understand India is a spiritually inclined nation, hungry for the truth and Salvation? Of all peoples I have seen, the Indians are most conscious of their souls and anxious to save them. There is so much evil in their heathenism that they are terribly tried by trial and pain, but they do what Christians often do not do. The Indians *seek* to be free, and they put their souls' eternal destiny and Salvation before everything. God send us saved men and women to lead them into His light.'

'Education is good for India, but education won't save Indian souls or give the spiritual peace India craves. Up to their light most Mohammedans sincerely serve God, and are never ashamed of owning Him. The day will come when God will honour their confession of Him as the One true

God by revealing His Son to their hearts, and opening their understanding to Him.

‘ And the Mohammedan and Chinese women—so good without any reward or hope of Heaven ! What ought not Christian women to do for them ? Thank Him, those who do not know His truth will not be condemned, but those who know it and do it not. “ He shall have the heathen for His inheritance.” Yes, my Lord. Glory to Thee ! ’

Elijah’s voice fell into a soft, communing murmur, even as his life had fallen into the weakness and weariness of age. He sat in his chair, his rug over his knees, his feet in slippers, his coat open over his red jersey with its emblazoned symbol of ‘ Blood and Fire.’ Communion and prayer alone made Elijah’s existence.

Outside the twilight deepened. A coal in the grate moved, the fire leapt up into dancing flames, and filled the cosy, homely room with rosy light.

Elijah put on his cap again and opened his eyes. They rested on the dear, patient partner of his world journey. ‘ *My darling !* God has been good to us, mother ? ’ he said.

‘ Yes, God has been very good to us,’ she answered in her sweet, thin tones.

‘ Let’s praise Him, then.’ The cap was pulled off again, the old heads bowed, the old hands clasped themselves together, and Elijah’s voice, strong again, sent up its petition.

‘ Lord, praise to Thee for ever and for ever for Thy Son and Salvation, Thy Holy Spirit, and Thy power. Save the world, Lord ! Help all the poor ; comfort all the bereaved ; shelter all the homeless ;

feed all the hungry ; clothe all the cold ; cure the sick and suffering. Bless Thine Army and Thy people everywhere. Bless the book to be written about me. Let it tell the truth about Thy doings with Elijah Cadman, once a poor sinner, and still nothing more without Thee. Lord bless everybody who reads it. Lord, bring every unsaved reader into Thy Salvation. Save the world, Lord, and let it be Thine own world again. Glory to Thee ! Amen !

‘ And now,’ he said, holding out his hand, ‘ if anybody that hears of me living or dead asks, “ What shall I do with *my* life ? ” let him or her try to hear old Elijah saying : “ Give it to God for the Salvation of the world.” There’s a good world coming, but it’s coming through the Salvation of Christ and in no other manner. Go to the heathen, if He calls you. What a disgrace for Christians to act, “ Ourselves first ! ” *That’s* why the world isn’t saved ! ’

‘ Commissioner Cadman, you are happy ? ’

‘ Glory to God, yes ! I went to my labour in The Army rejoicing. I rejoiced in it. I rejoice now over it. God is dearer and closer to me at the end of this life than when I was first converted. That is His gift to those that, by His grace, follow on. I couldn’t wish my life different, for He has ordered it, and He knows best.

‘ I believe I have never given Headquarters an uneasy five minutes. “ You’ve never failed me, and I don’t believe you ever will,” General Bramwell Booth told me.

‘ I’ve lived to see The Army at work in seventy-

two countries and colonies, and imitated instead of being scorned. God pays good wages, bless Him. The Army has been to me what it is to millions of people, a friend and a helper.

‘That is my experience. God bless you. Good-bye.’

He sat back in his chair and reached to stroke the grey cat that sprang to his knees. The firelight shone on the face of Elijah Cadman and showed the face of a happy man.

There are many kinds of love, as many kinds of light,
And every kind of love makes a glory in the night,
There is love that stirs the heart, and love that gives it rest,
But the love that leads life upward is the noblest and the best.

EPILOGUE

To every earthly life there is an end. To those whose life is 'hid with Christ in God' this end is the beginning of real life.

Elijah Cadman, when he first saw the girl who was to be his wife, thought her an angel. They lived wedded till he could say he had proved her an angel. Now he was sure that she is still an angel, for he said wistfully: 'Mother has got Home before me. I shall go to her, but she will not return to me.'

Angelic in the sense of gentleness, purity, and tenderness was the impression given by Mrs. Cadman in her old age, and from the testimony of lifelong friends those were always her chief characteristics. Type of millions of past and present women, her sweetness rarely gave any hint of the inward strength that was its power. Such women are full of courage, resource, and intellectuality of the heart. There is little knowledge and learning in the souls of humanity that they do not possess in secret. They arm their husbands and children for the spiritual battles in which they share, cheering, inspiring, and loving.

In The Salvation Army women occupy a unique position. They are equal with the men-Officers

and Soldiers, and every advantage is taken to use their talent for the advancement of the Kingdom of Christ. Elijah Cadman's wife lived a life full as her husband's of achievement. News of her passing brought letters and messages from many parts of the world.

Maria Rosina Cadman, *née* Russell, was born at Rugby, Warwickshire, on August 29, 1841. In the same town she married Elijah Cadman at Christmas, 1865. Her family Bible was presented her by one of the masters of the famous school in which she served.

Mrs. Cadman bore her husband six children, of whom three survive. Their fifty-seventh marriage anniversary occurred the year before she died, and was celebrated by their family, grandchildren, and many friends.

Elijah's wife was an acceptable preacher and teacher. Her children were her most devoted adherents. The women-Officers who endured the fierce opposition at The Army's inception, witness to her counsel, courage, and motherly solicitude and protection. In the Social Work her power of persuasion and practical sympathy were an invaluable aid. She was never known to condemn or criticize, but ever to help, and no crime, no wretchedness, no repulsive form of wickedness, dismayed or prevented her interest and hope.

Her passing was quiet, as her life and faith. She had been ailing for several months, but seemed to be easier in moving to and fro in her home about the little duties she enjoyed performing. On Sunday, January 7, 1923, she weakened, and on the next

day lay very quietly till within a few minutes of midnight when, almost imperceptibly, she was gone. Elijah could scarcely realize she had made the journey until the doctor said, 'Let us hope we, too, may pass as peacefully and painlessly.'

Weeping, Commissioner Elijah Cadman kissed her for the last time here, murmuring 'You have received your last appointment, my darling, and it is eternal.' Later he said, 'She looks like one who has met with angels.' Those who saw her declared he aptly expressed the serene delight of her face.

He sent a message to the assembly present at the burial. 'I am thinking of Life and the present opportunities to live Life to the honour and glory of God and our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.'

On that note of Life, ever-living Life, the record of Mrs. Commissioner Cadman rests.



Commissioner Elijah Cadman died peacefully on December 12, 1927, aged eighty-four, and was buried with Salvation Army honours in Abney Park Cemetery, London. From all parts of the world his family and friends received messages of sympathy and testimony to his devoted service and Christian character.

'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.'

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